

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVI.

AUGUST, 1928

NO. 8



"THE LITTLE GENERAL."

Robert E. Lee IV, who unveiled the statue of his great-grandfather at Stone Mountain, is here shown in the Confederate uniform which he wears as a member of the staff of Mayor Walker, of New York City. He is a manly little fellow of five years. (See page 298.)

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Mrs. M. A. Barnett, 707 North Robinson Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her husband, William Barnett, in Company G, 32nd Tennessee Regiment, or who knew of his service. He enlisted at Franklin, Tenn., in the fall of 1861, and was captured at Fort Donelson, and in prison six months at Camp Morton, Indianapolis; was exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862, and later served in General Buckner's Division. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Caldwell, Tex., is trying to find some one who knew of the service of her husband, James Rhett Smith, as a Confederate soldier. He was born in Alabama, and enlisted at Selma, Ala., at the beginning of the war, and served through the whole period, losing an arm at the battle of Seven Pines.

Miss N. W. Sevier, of Savannah, Tenn., writes of a poor widow in that community who has some Confederate money she would like to sell, and anyone interested is asked to write her about it.

Mrs. Newt Reynolds, of the Wayside Home Chapter, U. D. C., at Millen, Ga., has this to say of the VETERAN: "Our Chapter subscribes to the VETERAN, and we find it a great help in our work, especially so since some of the official program material is published each month."

Robert Warren, Hondo, Calif., inquires for any survivors of the old 28th Tennessee Cavalry, Col. Jordan Hayes. He served in Company C, under Capt. John P. Henley, and later the captain was named Sanders. I am from Pelham, Grundy County, Tenn., and in the army was known as "Brad" Warren. Would be glad to hear from any survivors of my old regiment.

J. A. Templeton writes from Jacksonville, Tex.: "I shall always remember the historic old city of Nashville, as it was there that I came so near to losing my life in the falling of the stairway in the Zollicoffer Barracks (Maxwell House) in 1863, causing the death of a number of Confederate prisoners held there. Would like to hear from any survivor. Am now in my eighty-fourth year."

Alfred Swiney (Sweeney), of Tusculumbia, Ala., is trying to get a much-needed pension; he is now eighty-two years old. He served in Childs's company of Colonel Nixon's Brigade, 22nd Tennessee, enlisting at Fayetteville; was mustered out just after the battle of Franklin. He asks that any comrade who can testify to his service will please write to him.

WANTED.—Copies of the VETERAN for January and February, 1893. Good price will be paid. Address T. S. Clay, Camp 756 U. C. V., 120 Jones Street, Savannah, Ga.

HERE IS THE NIGHT.

What though the day was full of weariness,
With many a jarring sound and fretful sight,
Here is the night.
Whatever went before here is an hour
Of pure, clear dark, with peace on wood and hill;
And every flower folded honey-cool,
Brimful of starlight, and the winds all still.
The day went hard, and with to-morrow's light
May come new care; but by the tender grace
Of God's good thought there falls a little space
Of dusk and dew and dreams—
Here is this night.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

WHERE IS THIS MONUMENT?—A letter comes from Charles S. Weller, of Mitchell, S. D., about a monument somewhere in the South which made a deep impression on him, but he cannot remember where it was. It was the statue of a Confederate soldier in his worn and faded uniform, with shoulders drooping, feet faltering in the worn-out boots, and carrying a broken-locked gun, empty cartridge case, and empty haversack. The inscription read: "There is victory in defeat," and it was "erected to the memory of the — County boys, who successfully defended their home city against the attack of Federal troopers," etc. Anyone recalling such a monument will please communicate with Mr. Weller, or with the VETERAN.

GOOD WORK.—W. E. Quin, ex-Commander Alabama Division, S. C. V., sends a club of subscriptions from Fort Payne, Ala., and writes: "Last week I went before the DeKalb County Chapter, U. D. C., and made a plea for subscriptions to the VETERAN with the result that I secured five subscribers among the members." And this good friend had previously sent a club from the Camp of Sons there. He was pleased by the interest manifested by the U. D. C., and says he will continue to try to get subscribers for the VETERAN.

Maj. Gen. T. J. Appleyard, commanding Florida Division, U. C. V., Tallahassee, Fla., remits five dollars on subscription account, and says: "The VETERAN is getting better all the time."

Confederate Veteran

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1928

No. 8.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala..... *Commander in Chief*
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn..... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.
Assistant to the Adjutant General
GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla..... *Chaplain General*

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GEN. HOMER ATKINSON, Petersburg, Va..... *Army of Northern Virginia*
GEN. L. W. STEPHENS, Couthatta, La..... *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. J. A. YEAGER, Tulsa, Okla..... *Trans-Mississippi*

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FLORIDA—Tallahassee..... Gen. T. J. Appleyard
GEORGIA—Atlanta..... Gen. D. B. Freeman
KENTUCKY—Richmond..... Gen. N. B. Deatherage
LOUISIANA—Shreveport..... Gen. W. T. Laseter
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MISSISSIPPI—Durant..... Gen. F. A. Howell
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NORTH CAROLINA, Ansonville..... Gen. W. A. Smith
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City..... Gen. R. A. Sneed
SOUTH CAROLINA—Greenville..... Gen. W. H. Cely
TENNESSEE—Nashville..... Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Houston..... Gen. R. D. Chapman
VIRGINIA—Richmond..... Gen. William McK. Evans
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg..... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles..... Gen. S. S. Simmons

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex..... *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va..... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE.

Lorenzo Dow Grace, born in North Carolina, recently died in the Confederate Home, Atlanta, Ga., at the age of one hundred and fourteen years.

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

To My Comrades, Daughters, Sons, and Other Friends:

After our notable reunion in the very hospitable and progressive city of Little Rock, Ark., I took a needed vacation. On my return home, I found a number of important official letters and many others of kindly courtesy congratulating me on my promotion. These letters will all be answered.

I see that many papers have published the statement that I favored a joint reunion of the United Confederate Veterans with the Grand Army of the Republic. This is a mistake. This proposed reunion was considered and rejected at Little Rock. I feel that the convention acted wisely in this matter. Every intelligent, patriotic citizen should use his influence to harmonize our whole country in spirit and in purpose, and this can be done only on the basis of justice and equal consideration.

Our supreme effort should be directed toward the writing of a true history of the war, its causes, the spirit in which it was waged, and its indefensible results. We have reason to be encouraged in this effort, as the conservative people of the whole country are beginning to see that our movement was a patriotic one. This has been evidenced in the official recognition by the government of the Confederate monument on Stone Mountain; by Congress making an appropriation to send the Marine Band to our late reunion; and by the fact that the most impressive historical lesson in Statuary Hall, in our National Capitol, is a statue of Robert E. Lee, in his Confederate uniform, side by side with General Washington in his Revolutionary uniform.

A. T. GOODWYN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

OFFICIAL ORDERS, U. C. V.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 20, 1928.

SPECIAL ORDERS No 3.

1. Owing to the vacancy caused by the death of Maj. Gen. D. W. McLaurin, Commander of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., Brig. Gen. W. H. Cely, commanding the Second Brigade, Greenville, is hereby appointed to command the South Carolina Division until election at the next annual reunion of the State Division, with the rank of major general.

2. General Cely will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of A. T. GOODWYN, *General Commanding.*
HARRY RENE LEE, *Adjutant General.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

SAY NOT "GOOD-BYE."

The Grim Reaper has been busy among the leaders of our great Confederate organization of late, and in the few weeks since the reunion at Little Rock, Ark., many places have become vacant in our official ranks. First of these may be mentioned Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas, the last general officer of the Confederacy and one who has been of the leading spirits of the U. C. V. In this number of the VETERAN is given a sketch of Gen. Henry M. Wharton, commanding the Maryland Division, U. C. V., whose passing has taken one of the youngest and seemingly most vigorous in our Confederate ranks. Gen. Hal T. Walker, of Alabama, former Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., has also joined his comrades on other side, after some years of failing health. Of the Division Commanders, the list has been lengthened by the passing of Gen. T. P. Lamkin, of Alabama; Gen. A. A. Pearson, of Missouri; Gen. D. W. McLaurin, of South Carolina. And another Department Commander of former years is lost in the passing of Gen. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., who once commanded the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V.

To these friends and comrades tribute will be paid later in sketches of their lives published in the VETERAN. To them we say not "Good-Bye," for their spirits will abide with us, and in the brighter day of the hereafter we hope to greet them with a glad "Good morning"!

AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL FORREST.

The name and fame of Nathan Bedford Forrest have been further recorded for future generations by the erection of a monument at his birthplace, the little community of Chapel Hill, in Marshall County, Tenn. In a humble home there the great Wizard of the Saddle was born one hundred and seven years ago, and on July 13, 1928, his natal day was commemorated by the dedication of this monument which perpetuates the fame of a great soldier.

Fitting exercises attended the dedication, beginning in the morning of the 13th and concluding in the afternoon, when the monument was unveiled in the presence of many hundreds of spectators, some of them special guests of the occasion, all of whom were welcomed to the community by Mayor W. T. Hurt, and on behalf of the county by J. N. McCord, of Lewisburg. Addresses were made by Hon. Ewin L. Davis, representative in Congress from this district, who was followed by Mrs. J. A. Hargrove, of Chapel Hill, on behalf of the U. D. C., in accepting the monument. Some of the other speakers were Gen. T. C. Little, for the Confederate Veterans; Col. Joel B. Fort, of Nashville, Scott Davis, a veteran of Forrest's Cavalry, and Charles Moss, of Lewisburg.

Special credit for the erection of this monument goes to Mrs. J. A. Hargrove, President of the U. D. C. Chapter at Chapel Hill, who started the movement some three years ago and had worked untiringly to its completion, ably assisted by other Daughters of the Confederacy there and friends. By their efforts the site was secured and an appropriation made by the State of Tennessee to thus honor a son who had honored his native State by his great services in time of war and in the days of peace. A splendid tribute was

paid to Forrest in the address by Judge Davis, not only as a soldier, but as "a man of unimpeachable integrity, high moral courage, and constructive citizenship."

Music and readings appropriate to the occasion made the exercises complete, and the day was one of the most interesting that the old community of Chapel Hill has ever known. The tall granite shaft will ever cast its shadow over the place which once enshrined a little babe destined to immortality.

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—AND WORTHY SENTIMENT.

Some time ago an inquiry was received from Charles S. Weller, of Mitchell, S. D., concerning the location of a Confederate monument which he had seen in his travels through the South and which had made a deep impression on him. He described the monument as being on the Dixie Highway, in the center of a town, and crowned by the statue of a Confederate soldier, "his cap shoved to the back of his head, showing a lock of matted hair on his worried, wrinkled brow; shoulders drooping, knees bent, feet faltering in his worn-out boots. In his hands carrying a broken-locked gun; on his back an empty haversack; at his belt an opens empty cartridge case—the figure listlessly trudging back to a war-wrecked home." On the base of the statue was the inscription, "There is victory in defeat," and "Erected to the memory of the County boys, who defended their home city." etc.

Anyone who can identify this monument will please communicate with the VETERAN as well as Mr. Weller.

Though not able to locate the statue response was made to Mr. Weller's letter, and in his reply he thinks the statue must have been somewhere in Tennessee, and says his travels had been through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, mostly on the Dixie Highway. He also says:

"During my journey in the South, I learned much and gained a new viewpoint, thanks to the kindness and patience of the fine, grand old men to whom I talked. I have reached the age of appreciation that comes with the half century mark; I know what I owe to the prior generation. God bless them all! Last May I attended our Decoration Day, a custom established by the warm-hearted women of Columbus, Miss., when they gave tears and flowers for the blue, and flowers and tears for the gray. Four boys in blue and one in gray were there. Not so many years ago two hundred and seventy boys marched to our sacred acres on Decoration Day. Time is the divine healer."

A CORRECTION.—From H. L. Grady, of Apalachicola, Fla., comes a correction of the statement made by Mrs. Townes R. Leigh in her article on Pensacola, Fla., in the VETERAN for July, that Pensacola was the home town of Dr. John Gorrie, discoverer or inventor of the process of making artificial ice, the father of refrigeration, one of the two Floridians whose names appear in the Hall of Fame. Pensacola is also the home town of Alvin W. Chapman, the eminent botanist, whose treatise on the flora of the South was accepted by his profession as a standard work." Of this Mr. Grady says: "I doubt that either of these distinguished men was ever in Pensacola. Their home was in Apalachicola, and it was here their work was done. Dr. Gorrie's statue is in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C." For this inadvertent error, Mrs. Leigh asks that thanks be extended to Mr. Grady, from whom she had gotten much material for her article, and in some way she confused the places of their constructive work.

THE DISBANDED LEGION OF HONOR.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

Thirty years is the average life of a generation. Within that time, there is almost an entire change in the population of a town or city or community. Death plays the greatest part. Removals come next, and of the rest the children have grown to be women and men. I was ruminating about this, because yesterday I asked an old comrade how many of the members of his company survive. He pondered for a moment, and said: "Thirty-five years ago, I could call the roll of thirty in my company, but now, I am the only one living. They are all dead, and when a man dies, he drops out of thought or recollection. Only great or notable men are remembered." He spoke in a low monotone, like the murmur of a river, and I felt like Diogenes carrying his tub. He was like a shell that had been left lying on the shore. One time he was full of romance and desperate courage, but now, he was a part of a nation that had suffered great things. I said to him: "No one is so desolate but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own." He said, "No, I have nothing left, I can only wait," and he smiled. I thought how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. What a pleasure it should be for all of us to seek out the old men and put some sunshine into their hearts, to give them a smile, if no more.

I thought it would be interesting to our people to ascertain how many Confederate soldiers are living. There were about six hundred thousand enlisted during the war, a little less than that. If the governor of every Southern State would ask each county sheriff to make a list of Confederates in his county, the number could be almost correctly catalogued.

I have before me a report of the Pension Board of Louisiana, made a few days ago, which shows there are now three thousand four hundred and nineteen on the Louisiana pension rolls, of which eight hundred and sixty-five are veterans and two thousand and fifty-four are widows of veterans. There were three thousand six hundred and nine on the rolls a year ago. One hundred and ninety veterans died in Louisiana in 1927. Allowing that there are one hundred Confederate veterans in Louisiana who are not on the pension roll, if added, it would show that there are now living in Louisiana nine hundred and sixty-five Confederates; but there are not one hundred veterans in Louisiana who do not draw a pension. We can, therefore, safely say that there are not a thousand Confederate soldiers in Louisiana.

There were eleven States in the Confederate government, but Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri each gave a few regiments to the Confederacy. Take Louisiana as an average, the number of Confederate soldiers living cannot be more than twelve thousand.

I read recently a statement in a New York paper that the death rate of Union veterans during 1927 was nearly twenty-five per cent, while the average death rate in the entire country is about ten per cent per thousand. We must realize, therefore, that within two or three years a Confederate soldier will be an object to look at. But the Confederate soldier can be grave and yet tranquil, for he fought for the glory of the old South. May I urge, therefore, that the governor of each Southern State ascertain how many Confederates reside in his State. Let the world know how few remain.

Let us keep them in mind, the glory of their achievement during four years of military struggle against heavy odds. War never dimmed by defeat, nor does it fade with the passing of years. The South of to-day and all of its people cannot honor them beyond their deserving, and I trust will never cease to pay tribute of sweetest gratitude and affection.

PATRIOTS DOWN THE LINE.

An interesting occasion was the dedication of a marker placed at the grave of James McElwee, soldier of the American Revolution, under the auspices of the Nancy Ward Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Chattanooga, on the afternoon of May 26, 1928, ninety-six years after his death. The grave is on his farm at the mouth of King's Creek, near Rockwood Landing on the Tennessee River, five miles from the town of Rockwood, Tenn. On the marker is inscribed:

JAMES M'ELWEE,
SOUTH CAROLINA MILITIA
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.
1752-1830.

Capt. William E. McElwee, grandson of James McElwee, who delivered the address at the dedication, is now ninety-two years of age. He was a soldier of the Confederacy, a captain on the staff of Gen. C. L. Stevenson, and surrendered at Bentonville, N. C.

The military record of the McElwee family of Tennessee shows the transmission of that spirit from generation to generation, for no war of our country has been fought without a representative of the name in the ranks or in command. It is interesting to follow this strain all down the line.

William McElwee was a soldier of the Revolution, with sons—James, William, and John—in the same command.

James McElwee, of South Carolina, to whom the marker was placed, enlisted at the age of forty years, July 4, 1776, with the South Carolina Regiment; was in several engagements with the British in the Carolinas, and for nine months was a prisoner of war on a British ship. It is told that when the prisoners were ordered to salute the king of Great Britain, James McElwee refused and went aloft and cried, "God save George Washington and the American colonies!" on which the commander released him from further imprisonment.

His son, James McElwee, enlisted under Col. William Campbell against the British at King's Mountain, Musgrove's Mill, and Guilford Courthouse, in addition to having served under Shelby against the Indians. He was one of the five commissioners to lay out the town of Knoxville on the Tennessee River.

William McElwee, son of James McElwee, born June 26, 1798, was the first white child born in Roane County, Tenn. He served in Captain Bacon's company in the brigade of Gen. Hugh Lawson White, under Gen. Andrew Jackson, against the Indians in Alabama.

Hugh White McElwee and William E. McElwee, sons of William McElwee, served in the Confederate army in the War between the States, the former as captain and assistant quartermaster of the 16th Tennessee Cavalry; was promoted to chief assistant quartermaster under General Rucker, and later Gen. John C. Vaughn's Brigade. William E. McElwee enlisted in the 26th Tennessee Infantry, was elected lieutenant, and later was captain on General Stevenson's staff, in command of engineers.

Thomas Brown McElwee, youngest son of James McElwee II, and his two sons, William and James, were soldiers of the Union army in the War between the States.

Though no descendants of the McElwee name are known as soldiers of the War with Spain or the World War, they were there in other names. One of these was W. J. Nixon, of Chattanooga, who was first lieutenant in the 3rd Tennessee Infantry in the Spanish-American War, and Frank King Boyd in the World War. There were doubtless others of these descendants enlisted from other States.

COMMANDER OF THE MARYLAND DIVISION,
U. C. V.

The passing of Gen. Henry M. Wharton, Commander of the Maryland Division, U. C. V., which occurred on June 22, removed one of the youngest of Confederates and a man widely known for his eminence in his varied life work. In that was embraced his service as soldier and his work as lawyer, author, and a widely known evangelist of the Baptist Church. He was born in Culpeper County, Va., September 11, 1848, and before he was sixteen years of age he became a Confederate soldier.

In a sketch of his service, furnished by Dr. Wharton for the *VETERAN* of February, 1925, it is told that he first joined the Signal Service, and was located in the winter of 1864-65 between Petersburg and Richmond on the Appomattox River. When General Lee retreated, the men of the Signal Service were placed in regular line and, instead of flags, were furnished with muskets, and thus followed General Lee. Dr. Wharton was with General Lee at the surrender, then returned home, and, though not seventeen years of age, he soon began the study of law. He attended the University of Virginia and upon graduation began the practice of law, in which he continued until he was twenty-five years of age, when he entered the Baptist ministry. He was ordained in 1873, and was pastor of the Baptist Church at Luray, Va., from 1874 to 1880. In 1881, he went to Baltimore as pastor of the Lee Street Church, which he served until 1884. Two years later he founded the Brantley Memorial Church, which grew to be the largest Protestant Church in Baltimore. In 1899, he resigned the pastorate to become an evangelist and lecturer, but ten years later he resumed his old charge and was identified with it at the last.

Dr. Wharton established the "Orphanage" in 1882 and the "Whosoever Farm" in 1884, and his charitable work was known in many directions. As an author, he had written many books on religious work, and he compiled and edited a collection of "Songs and Poems of the Confederacy," and for ten years he edited the *Evangel*.

Dr. Wharton has been one of the prominent figures at Confederate reunions, and he was honored by the appointment as Chaplain General as one of the last acts of General Halde- man when Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and the appointment was confirmed by his successors, Gen. James A. Thomas and Gen. W. B. Freeman. When the Maryland Division, U. C. V., was created, Dr. Wharton was made Commander of it and had so continued. He was married to Miss Lucy Kimball Pollard in 1893, and is survived by wife and children.

CAPT. HANNIBAL LEGETTE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hannibal LeGette was born March 10, 1840, in Marion County, S. C., to a family of prominence and wealth. His parents were Capt. David LeGette and Martha Richardson LeGette. After attending the schools near his home, he was a student at the Cokesbury School and Wofford College. Before his education was completed, however, South Carolina seceded from the Union, and he hastened to offer his services in defense of his State. He enlisted in Capt. M. B. Stanley's company, and thereupon served for some months on the islands near Charleston.

His regiment was ordered to Virginia in the spring of 1861 and saw service there during the summer. He contracted typhoid at the front and was ordered home for his convalescence, when he suffered a relapse and was very ill.

He had originally enlisted for only twelve months, but

just as soon as he recovered, he reenlisted for the duration of the war. As sergeant in Company L, 21st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, he was afterwards promoted to the captaincy of his company. This command was stationed in the defense of Charleston until in May, 1864, it was sent to Virginia on an earnest appeal from the War Office. When he reached there, his command became immediately engaged in the battle of Fort Walthal Junction, a desperately contested engagement. His color bearer was soon shot down, and, grasping the falling banner, Captain LeGette urged his men to follow him, but, alas! he, too, soon fell desperately wounded and was borne from the field. He was taken back to his South Carolina home, where he received the tenderest ministrations that love could suggest, but continued to languish until July 2, 1864, when he passed away. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and was laid to rest in the cemetery of the venerated Centenary Methodist Church.

Captain LeGette was a gifted and an exemplary young man, a gallant soldier, and a capable and heroic officer.

He received his death wound while wearing his fatigue suit, and the jagged hole in the front of his coat is in mute testimony of his gallantry.

[Mrs. M. LeGette Oliver, a sister.]

IN MEMORIAM: MAJ. E. W. R. EWING.

A great loss has been sustained by the Sons of Veterans in the passing of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, whose death occurred on June 26, after some months of ill health. He was prominent as an attorney of Washington, D. C., and widely known for his participation in Southern activities, especially in connection with the Sons of Confederate Veterans and as President of the Manassas Confederate Battle Field Park. In the latter work he had given his life almost, and doubtless his zealous interest in that great undertaking, and the worry incident thereto, had overtaxed his strength to exhaustion.

Major Ewing was born in Acadia, Lee County, Va., the son of Capt. Hix Ewing and Mary E. C. Woodward. His education was received at Morristown District High School, Cumberland College, the University of Virginia, Chicago Law School, the University of Southern Minnesota, and a special course in the George Washington University. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he volunteered and in the service rose to the rank of major; and he also gave service in the World War.

As an author, Major Ewing has to his credit several volumes on the war period and the incidents leading up to the war, among which are "Rebellion and Secession," "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," "The Hayes-Tilden Contest," and "Clan Ewing of Scotland and America," "The Pioneer Gateway of the Cumberlands," and other works of this character.

He was a member of many organizations in the national capital and in Virginia—Masonic, patriotic, and fraternal—as well as social. He was the founder of the Manassas Confederate Battle Field Park, Inc., an extensive educational and charitable organization designed to preserve that famous battle field, and as its president and director he devoted much of his time in late years to working on that enterprise, notwithstanding the state of his health. He was not able to attend the last convention of the Sons of Veterans at Little Rock, but that organization has cooperated in the work of financing the enterprise at Manassas, which brought relief from that worry. The work that he had started there could well become the great work of this organization.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT FAIRFAX, VA.

While the thinning ranks of the gallant men who fought in the armies of the South for the preservation of their homes and for a cause that was right makes the numbers attending Memorial Day services smaller each year, the ideal weather at Fairfax, Va., this year, and the preparations by the Fairfax Chapter, U. D. C., for the entertainment of the veterans of Marr Camp, U. C. V., made the last occasion one of the most pleasant in years. Hon. R. Walton Moore presided for Commander Robert E. Wiley, and later told of the part taken by Fairfax soldiers and the county. Hon. George L. Browning, of Orange, was the orator of the day, and gave an interesting story of the campaigns of Lee and Jackson and of their wonderful military genius which is acknowledged the world over.

Following the ceremonies, the graves of the Confederate dead were strewn with flowers, which were also placed about the base of the monument as the band played and taps was sounded. A bountiful dinner was then served to the veterans at the town hall.

Marr Camp has now but thirteen members on its roll, and eight of those were present, as follows: W. S. Ball, Nelson Follen, L. R. Houchines, James M. Love, George K. Pickett, Dr. Charles F. Russell, H. H. Swimley, and Robert Wiley. Those absent were: H. J. Cross, C. E. Davis, H. C. Hatcher, J. M. Hutchison, George H. Williams. A list of the one hundred and thirty-eight members who have passed on before was read.

The following poem was written by Miss Mary Millan, daughter of the late W. R. Millan, who served in the 4th Virginia Cavalry, as a tribute to the "Confederate Dead at Fairfax, Va.":

Each year when Nature robes in green
This mound of sacred dust,
We come to scatter flowers here
For those whose cause was just.

These heroes gave their precious lives
For a cause that's now called "lost,"
They gave their all for Southland
And counted not the cost.

Once more we stand upon this spot
And brush away a tear,
So few there are who wore the gray
Who come to answer "Here."

"They're passing down the Valley
These men who wore the gray,"
These heroes of the Southland
Full soon will pass away.

And though they pass to heavenly homes,
With heroes known of old,
Each year upon this hallowed day
Their brave deeds will be told.

As long as mountains kiss the skies
And rivers reach the sea,
Our Southern hearts will not forget
These men who followed Lee.

MEMORIAL SERVICES ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Interesting exercises were held on Sunday afternoon, June 3, at the cemetery on Johnson's Island where are buried Confederate soldiers who died there as prisoners of war in the sixties. These services were held under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Johnson's Island Chapter, of Sandusky, and a special feature of the exercises was the address by Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, U. D. C. who gave the history of that long-forgotten place of burial, and told how the list of names had been preserved by two Ohio girls in the seventies. In strolling over the island, these girls, a Miss Johnson, daughter of the former owner of the Island, and Elizabeth Morrison, discovered these graves of Confederate soldiers and copied the names from the crude wooden slabs which had been placed over them at the time of burial. A plot of the graves was made, and the list of names preserved, and in after years this list was used to mark the marble headstones.

Mrs. Porter also told of the assistance that had been given in restoring the cemetery and in carrying out these Memorial Day services in that lonely spot by the people of Sandusky and the civic organizations of the city, and the picture sent shows some of those who helped to make the occasion a success. Among those who attended the services was M. M. Parsons, of Attica, Ohio, who was a guard at the Johnson's Island prison for two years, and he had many interesting recollections of that prison for Confederate officers.

A wreath of flowers sent by Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, Ga., was placed on the Confederate monument in the cemetery in memory of her husband, who was a prisoner there for eleven months during the war, but had the good fortune to survive its hardships and after the war did his full share in restoring his beloved South.

The invocation and closing prayer were by the Rev. Donald Wonders. An address was delivered by Dr. A. J. Funnell and a reading was given by Miss Charlotte Atwater Devine. Music was by the Sandusky High School Band. The graves were decorated by the Sea Scouts of Sandusky, and a salute to the dead was fired by a squad from the American Legion.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

From George H. Hubbard, Orange, Tex.: "The June number of our loved VETERAN carries a list of distinguished sons of North Carolina, but no mention is made of the only one with whom I had any personal acquaintance, Gen. June Daniels. In my boyhood he spent his vacations on his plantation in Louisiana, and I learned to know and like him. One writer in this number gives a history of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' and, in speaking of the composer, says: 'Where he came from or where he went no one knows.' Harry McCarthy was an Irish vocalist and comedian, sometimes called the 'Irish Nightingale.' He was touring the South and West in 1860-61 as a one-man entertainer. He was an educated, polished gentleman, as well as a fine musician. I have never heard anyone render Mrs. Norton's 'Irish Emigrant's Lament' with more feeling and pathos than Harry McCarthy. Among his humorous songs I remember one, the chorus of which was, 'Trust to luck, trust to luck; stare fate in the face; your heart will be easy if it's in the right place. 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was set to the music of the 'Irish Jaunting Car.' While a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, Gen. M. Jeff Thompson wrote, and McCarthy set to music, that one-time popular ditty, 'Georgia Militia Grabbing Goober Peas.' His suffering while a prisoner crushed his spirit so that he rarely smiled, and I think he returned to Ireland in 1867."

THE LEE HOMES IN VIRGINIA.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There are in Virginia three elegant manors associated with the Lee family—the Lees of Stratford, the Lees of Ditchley, and the Lees of Arlington, all of whom are from the same parent stock, united by many intermarriages.

The Lees built houses that were to endure, for Ditchley, in Northampton County, the home of Hancock Lee, is one of the finest examples of colonial durability; while old Stratford still presents the most solid foundation as typifying the endurance of the Lees of Westmoreland. Here were born Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee and Robert E. Lee—in the right wing of the house, which is shaped like a huge H. This great home was built with money that was a present to Thomas Lee from Queen Catherine's private purse, for his home had been burned and his wife, known as "the divine Matilda," barely escaped with her life and her child. He had wedded the daughter of Philip Ludwell, governor of North Carolina, and she had received a dowry of six hundred pounds from her father and grandfather, Benjamin Harrison. Her daughter Matilda married Governor Henry Lee, known as Light Horse Harry, then passed out, leaving him the estate of Stratford; and to his second marriage, to Anne Carter, of Shirley, was born Robert Edward Lee, who married the daughter of the owner of Arlington.

Arlington belonged to George Washington Parke Custis, who was called "The Child of Mount Vernon," for his father died at Yorktown, so he was reared by his grandmother, Martha Washington, wife of the President. At Arlington he entertained LaFayette on his memorable visit in 1824, and here was married his only child, Mary Randolph Custis, to Robert E. Lee, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Meade in the Arlington house. General Lee was educated in Alexandria, Va., and at West Point, N. Y., and his courtship occurred at Chatham, the Fitzhugh home near Fredericksburg, Va. The Arlington estate was left to Mrs. Lee by her father and entailed to her oldest son, George Washington Custis Lee.

As the man of conscience, courtesy, chivalry, and with the noblest ideals of sublime duty, Lee is the embodiment of all that stands for the sentiment of the chivalry of the Old South, for he inherited all the noble ideals of knighthood which had come down in his veins from a lineage that accompanied Richard the Lion-hearted on his crusades to the Holy Land. The Lees came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I, from Shropshire, England, where their estates were known as "Litchfield" and "Ditchley." Richard Lee, the son of the fifth baronet, was the first white man ever to settle in the Northern Neck of Virginia. His wife is believed to have been named Hannah Hancock. In 1641, he patented one thousand acres, and, later, Sir William Berkley granted him four thousand acres in Westmoreland. His portrait by Sir Peter Lely is still preserved, and shows a man of great physical attraction as well as strength of character. This Richard Lee, true to the House of Stuart, later went to Breda and invited the exiled Charles II to come and reign in Virginia—for he was Secretary to the Council and empowered to issue this invitation, which gave Colonial Virginia the motto: "En dat Virginian quartam" (Give Virginia the fourth place—along with England, Ireland, and Scotland). Hence, from the genesis of the days at Jamestown until the curtain rang down at Appomattox, the people of Virginia felt confidence in the Lees as leaders. Two of the Lees, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot, signed the Declaration of Independence, while "Light Horse Harry Lee" composed the beautiful

tribute to General Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," adding, "God left him childless so he might be the Father of his country."

When Robert E. Lee, on April 20, 1861, set out for Richmond, the ties with Arlington were forever sundered, save as treasured memories. He was profoundly touched when the State of Virginia selected him as her defender, and said: "I would have much preferred had the choice fallen on an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

This was General Lee's first and last speech; henceforth history was to speak for him. Virginia looked to Westmoreland to furnish her Washington for the Revolution, and turned again to Westmoreland for her Robert E. Lee for the crisis of the War between the States. Through the Custis marriage, the two families, Washington and Lee, were linked in union; and the heirlooms of Martha Washington fell to Mrs. Robert E. Lee, but they are scattered—some in the National Museum, some at Lexington, Va.; and a few retained as priceless mementoes by the family. Miss Mary Custis Lee, eldest daughter of General Lee, gave some of the china which the Society of the Cincinnati presented to General Washington to President Woodrow Wilson, and he left it as a part of the White House furnishings when his term expired. To her funeral President Wilson sent beautiful calla lilies as his tribute to the "Daughter of the Confederacy." She was buried from Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C., during the World War; and Secretary Baker walked with Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court (a Louisiana Confederate soldier), as two of her honorary pallbearers, while the venerable Dr. McKim, also a Confederate veteran and over eighty years of age, read the simple service of the Episcopal Church. Her brothers, Gen. W. H. F. Lee and Capt. Robert E. Lee, left children; but Dr. George Bolling Lee, of New York City, is the only living grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the little Robert E. Lee III, son of Dr. Lee, is the only male descendant of the great Confederate leader of this generation.

George Washington Parke Custis died in 1857, leaving it in his will that all slaves belonging in his family should be freed five years from the date of his death. This made the date of their emancipation fall in 1862, when the shadow of war so interfered with all that had been previously planned that the question has often been propounded as to whether the executor of his will, who was Gen. Robert E. Lee, carried out these instructions. So search was made in the Chancery Court of the City of Richmond. The document was found showing that Gen. Lee freed two hundred slaves. This valuable document is now in possession of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. Gen. Robert E. Lee was a devout Christian, confirmed in Christ Church, Alexandria, in 1853, where a simple cross and crown in marble (exactly like the one to Gen. George Washington in the same edifice) bears testimony.

An Act of Congress, approved March 4, 1925, authorized the Secretary of War to restore the beautiful old manor to its former glory, but the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriation has as yet prevented the fulfillment of this sentiment. It is estimated that it will take \$100,000 to repair Arlington house and to secure the furnishings for the same period as its Custis-Lee era; for the real furniture and possessions of the family are scattered beyond recall. It was the idea of the Michigan congressman who fathered

this bill that Arlington should become a shrine like Mount Vernon, but when Ravensworth, the home of Gen. W. H. F. Lee was later destroyed by fire, priceless heirlooms went up in flames. Many other obstacles stand in the way, for the Arlington house has long been used as the office of the National Cemetery's superintendent, so that a new structure for that purpose would have to replace it. The restoration of the lawn is simply an impossibility, for there are tombs of officers of the United States army and navy and other distinguished people—such as L'Enfant, the engineer who planned the city of Washington, D. C., all over it.

When the casualties of war made necessary that a burial ground be established on the Virginia side of the Potomac, it was due to Meigs and Lincoln that Arlington was selected. Seeing some bodies on their way to the National cemetery at the Soldiers' Home of Washington, Lincoln ordered them interred at Arlington, which then began the great movement that focused attention by both North and South on the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Now, there are sections for the Federals, Confederate veterans, Spanish War veterans, and World War veterans; and beautiful monuments make it the Mecca for travelers from all over the world, for it is truly a "Westminster Abbey" on the Virginia hills, where glory encircles the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, whose bivouac is decorated by every Foreign Commission that visits America.

In his book, the "End of an Era," John S. Wise says: "Of Lee's military greatness, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness, I need not . . . the man who could stamp his impress upon a nation and die without an enemy such as a man, such a heart, such a soldier, is beyond the power of human eulogy."

WHIRLIGIGS OF TIME.

BY MISS NANNIE DAVIS SMITH, BATON ROUGE, LA.

That the South made history and the North wrote it (untruthfully) is realized by a generation too busy for research work, so octogenarians, reminded of the duty they owe posterity, are doing their endeavor.

Closely associated at Beauvoir with my beloved grand-uncle, Jefferson Davis, I regret not recording then and there incidents he related—humorous frontier experiences and personal adventures of which there is possibly no written evidence. An amusing anecdote had Mexico for its setting. General Taylor's favorite war horse having vanished mysteriously from securely locked stables, "Old Rough and Ready" was making the air blue with imprecations and dire threats, when Colonel Davis undertook to recover the missing steed in twenty-four hours, if given a free hand. That native Mexicans are expert thieves is an established fact. Aware also that a father confessor's influence was unbounded, Colonel Davis told the shepherd of this flock that, by way of reprisal, his horse might be taken unless General Taylor's was returned at once. Secrets of the confessional are never betrayed, but next morning the borrowed steed was in his stall.

A very remarkable story was about a woman who, disguised as a man, fought under the Stars and Bars. Seeking an interview with President Davis, she told him that her husband and a brother being her only ties, she had enlisted and fought with them till both were killed, and fearing, if wounded, her sex would be discovered, she asked an honorable discharge and the privilege of serving as nurse in a hospital. That heroic woman was from Louisiana, my native State.

After our boys answered the call to arms in 1861, I visited relatives on their plantation in Mississippi, where several girl friends assembled and enjoyed long horseback rides.

Returning from one of these excursions, we raced a steamboat, when, to our surprise, cheers went up from gray-clad men on deck, to which waving handkerchiefs responded; later newspaper clippings informed us we had welcomed the "Jeff Davis Guard." Those gallant Kentucky volunteers never came our way again, and of the carefree group they cheered, I alone survive.

Safely lodged in a hilly region, watered by springs and bayous, I shall never forget my first experience of levee protection when the Mississippi River went on a rampage. As ladies in those primitive times didn't travel without an escort, my father intended coming for me, but, in that anxious period, New Orleans fell, and Uncle Joe Davis, whom I was visiting, moved to Vicksburg. When a steamboat hurrying up stream stopped at Hurricane, waves dashed over the levee, submerging a plank on which we walked aboard.

I gave a wide berth to New Orleans during "Beast" Butler's reign, whose infamous proclamation and penchant for silver spoons won undesirable notoriety. Another outward sign of loyalty was his attack on the Church, imprisoning ministers who refused to pray for Lincoln and the invaders of our soil. Straightway, Father Mullen, the beloved war priest, bade his flock, kneeling in silent prayer when he did, to pray for Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy.

A funny thing happened when Father Mullen was arraigned before Butler charged with having refused to bury a Federal officer. "A mistake, sir, I'd cheerfully bury the whole Yankee army," the fearless priest replied. After the war, rumor said that Ben Butler contemplated revisiting New Orleans. The "Beast" didn't return, however, neither did he return those historic spoons, prized presumably as souvenirs. In the wake of progress, old landmarks have been removed, some of them destroyed, but St. Patrick's Church, Father Mullen's stronghold, is still in evidence.

Brierfield, President Davis's home, and his brother's adjoining plantation were plundered in approved Yankee fashion, valuable books, furniture, even marble mantels carried off, and ornamental oaks, the growth of years, were wantonly destroyed. A beautiful marble bust of little Samuel Davis was saved by his old nurse, Betsy, who buried it before the vandals arrived. This same Betsy had been Mrs. Davis's much-indulged waiting maid. At a hotel where they boarded, Mr. Davis told his wife: "My dear, I am mortified. If you need wine, order it by the bottle sent to your room." "What do you mean? I don't need wine," she replied. On an itemized bill appeared glasses of choice beverages, whereof the maid had evidently partaken *ad libitum*. Angrily her master exclaimed, "Woman, this is too much. Never come near me again! I set you free—go!" "I ain't gwine nowhar," Betsy calmly assured him. "You's my marster an' you's got ter spote me." So much for "the white man's burden," imposed on our Southland by Great Britain and New England. The following is another instance of freedom rejected under very different circumstances. A slave who risked his own life in saving one of my ancestors from drowning, declined an offer of liberty and transportation to Africa. According to Daddy Fortune's story, he was chief of a warlike tribe, had been captured long years ago, and brought here by slave traders; there would be no one to welcome his return, he said, and he elected to remain with his white friends. I remember Daddy Fortune in helpless old age being tenderly cared for by my maternal grandmother, Madame Guibert, who told me many interesting truths, none more thrilling than Grandfather Guibert's escape from San Domingo—but that's another story.

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS ROBERTS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

[Extracts from address by Josephus Daniels, June 19, at the unveiling of the Confederate Memorial Marker on the site of the battle of Plymouth, N. C.]

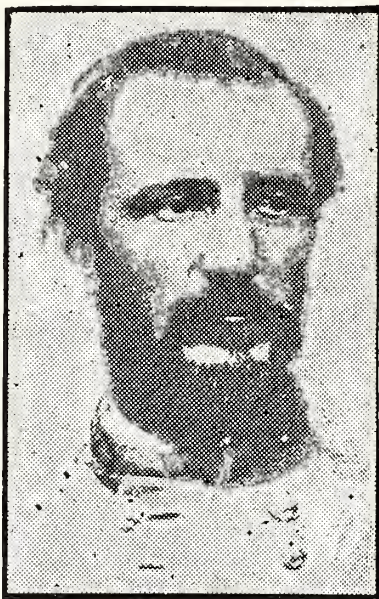
"Look about you" was the advice given in response to the inquiry as to the architectural achievements of Christopher Wren. His cathedrals and other stately edifices, patterns for the best of all time, stand as permanent memorials of the most illustrious of his profession.

If the man from Mars would seek to learn how the Confederate army, poorly equipped and poorly fed, kept at bay superior forces for four long years, the answer would be: "Look at the character, resourcefulness, and courage of the men who led the armies and who followed them in battle."

Every army is judged by the oncoming generation, not by its victories or defeats, but by the spirit and life of its personnel. By that standard the battalions of the South have stood the test of threescore and more years. While the survivors of those who wore the gray cannot take their sons and grandsons to Gettysburg or to Appomattox and say, "Upon these battle fields we overpowered our opponents and carried our standards to victory," they can, indeed, point to success after success, won against superior odds, almost in the very shadow of the national capital and on a hundred fields of battle. Among these splendid victories that attest to the glory of the brave men who achieved stands out in bold relief the battle of Plymouth. It is fitting, therefore, that to-day those of us who were babes in arms when the war drums throbbed or have since come to maturity, should stand with the thin line of the immortals with bowed heads, in honor of the victors of Plymouth, as there is unveiled here a memorial to their valor and their victory. As we turn back the pages of history to the never-to-be-forgotten conflicts of the sixties, we rejoice "to hear the truth about the past and hold debate about the present with knowledge and without passion."

Many battles surpassed the one waged and won here by Southern troops in May, 1864, in the number of troops or in far-reaching results. It has, however, one distinction that is without parallel in that the victory was esteemed so highly by President Jefferson Davis that he promoted the officer in command by telegraph to the rank of major general. It was the only promotion made directly by President Davis on the field of battle during the Confederate war. The military officer who was the victor here, and was thus honored, was one of the two Roberts who were brothers in looks, brothers in character, and true brothers of winning distinction without losing the grace of modesty and the rare virtue of freedom from pride or boasting.

The "Marse Robert" of the Confederacy was the only



GEN. ROBERT F. HOKE

officer in an army distinguished for the lofty character of its generals who stood higher in the affection and admiration of his soldiers than Robert F. Hoke, hero of the battle of Plymouth. The privilege was never mine to see Robert E. Lee in the flesh. I remember being thrilled as Woodrow Wilson told how, as a boy, looking admiringly upon Lee, he felt a presence superior and elevated. But I have seen many portraits and statues of Lee, the one at Gettysburg standing out in dignity and resignation on the bloody battle field where the tide of Southern courage and sacrifice rose highest, illustrating poise and taking responsibility even though "some one had blundered." I have read most stories of his life and can understand and in some measure enter into the hero worship that possessed his soldiers. I stood once in the chapel at Washington and Lee University, and near the recumbent statue of the leader of the Confederate forces I sought to interpret some lessons of his life to the youths awaiting their diplomas. As I gazed upon that majestic statue, perfect in everything except the life blood coursing through the veins, he seemed so very near that I almost looked to see another Pygmalion and Galatea miracle when the illustrious president of that college would rise and give his benediction to the graduating class. Though dead, he still lives at Lexington and in every part of the world where Christian chivalry is exalted and emulated.

Just as Miltiades was voted by all his contemporary generals to be the first among military chieftains, so the noble captains courageous of the Confederacy, even the sturdy Covenanter and matchless fighting Christian, Stonewall Jackson, felt themselves great as they gave highest honor to Lee. The victor of Plymouth was our North Carolina Robert, Gen. Robert Hoke, second only to Lee in poise, in equanimity, in virtue, and magnanimity, the latter the loftiest of human virtues. If you ever saw Lee you have seen Hoke. If you ever talked with Hoke, you have been in the light of Lee's company. No two men, not of blood kin, ever looked so much alike, and they were kin in spirit. The resemblance was not remarked upon when Lee, feeling the necessity of recovering the coast section which the superior Federal navy had taken the largest part, in capturing and holding, sent Hoke here to the difficult task. Hoke then was twenty-seven years old. In peace times a man twenty-seven years old is regarded by those of riper years as little more than a stripling, just getting his gait. War is a business of youths. Napoleon preferred soldiers under twenty. He thought they had a daring to the point of rashness, if not recklessness, deemed essential in charges to capture the enemy's fortified positions. Age is wont to be prudent. Youth throws prudence to the winds. The allies in 1918 complained that the American and Australian soldiers were so impetuous and daring they unduly exposed themselves to the enemy. But wars are always won by those who dare more than experience advises.

Lee knew that taking Plymouth, as the key to recovering the Albemarle section and afterwards recovering the territory adjacent to Pamlico Sound, was a job for a soldier who had won his spurs. He picked the youthful Hoke, quiet of manner with a will of steel. Hoke had seen enough service to give him seasoned judgment, and he had enough of the dash required for the victory he won here in the battle of Plymouth. He had something else that is essential in a leader of men, particularly on the field of battle, the confidence of his men in his courage and his judgment. Only soldiers possessing these qualifications, plus the love of their soldier comrades, could be a fit commander when officers and men

are alike men under fire. It was somewhat different in the World War, when the far-flung battle line stretched from the North Sea to the Adriatic and officers gave their commands from dugouts by telephone, though there is never any real difference in men. Even in the World War, it was the comrade spirit that won love of the soldiers for an officer, even though the old-time common danger made the ties stronger between them.

It was when he had grown older that Robert Hoke of maturity resembled the Robert Lee of the sixties. About the same build, the same close-cropped beard turning into gray, the same kindly eyes, the same reserve of alertness, the same quiet manner and the same refusal to make merchandise of the reputation won in war—those were the things that made these two Southern Roberts so much alike. They were brothers, too, in assuming responsibility and in overlooking the lapses of others. In that respect, though not in others, they were like Old Hickory, who always said: "I take the responsibility." Lee and Hoke assumed it, without even proclaiming it or asking approval. Of the oneness of spirit of each of these two Roberts it may be said, to quote what Aycock said of Lee:

"He never seemed to be conscious of any desire for the commendation of man. His whole career is founded on the single word 'duty,' and, having done his duty, what others said, what others thought, what misinterpretations might be made to his own hurt, seemed never to concern him; but he was always anxious that every other person connected with his enterprise should have full praise for any unusual merit exhibited by him. This trait of character approaches the fulfillment of the law, the whole law, which is briefly comprehended in this: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'

Being once asked what suggestion he would offer to young people, our North Carolina Robert replied: "Strict attention to all duties of life." Here you have the two Roberts stressing the fundamentals of character and success. If that advice should be followed by the youth of to-day, to-morrow, and all the to-morrows, succeeding generations would give to the world more Lees and more Hokes.

The War between the States over, Lee returned to the schoolroom to teach and guide the sons of the men he had led in battle. And he taught them to honor their parents and to respect the cause and glory in the courage of the men who wore the gray. At the same time he taught them to love the flag of the reunited country, to remain in the South, and to rebuild its fortunes in a Union which they should help to make indestructible. He was sincere in his renewed love for the reunited republic from the moment he recognized that the Southern Confederacy, as a separate entity, could not be established. It was due to his wisdom and moderation that Virginia escaped the rigors of Reconstruction which rained upon other Southern States.

The terrible struggle over, Hoke returned to his home in Lincoln as Lee rode Traveller to Richmond, his Arlington home having been confiscated and converted into the burial place of Federal soldiers. It was years after his death that Congress reimbursed his family and there is now being constructed a memorial bridge over the Potomac connecting the Lee home overlooking the national capital, with the Lincoln memorial and the Washington monument, suggestive of the lasting greatness and national pride in these illustrious Americans—Southerners all. If it be given to those who have gone before to know what transpires on this sphere, how the hearts of these two Roberts, particularly Robert E. Lee, must have been cheered when the monument to the Con-

federate soldiers, buried in Arlington, hard by the men they had met as worthy foes in battle, was unveiled. And erected on ground doubly dear to the Lees and the Custises, linking together the great soldier of the Revolution and the great soldier of the sixties.

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue;
Tears and love for the gray."

General Hoke, laying down his sword for all time, returned home and to the cultivation of the soil, the occupation of his ancestors, and to the farm upon which he had been reared. He had, before the call to arms, engaged in farming and mining and manufacturing. As he rode back home after Lee's surrender, he immediately planted a crop, and cultivated it that summer with the horse he had ridden as he directed the movements of armies. If horses could talk, I wonder what would have been the remarks of that charger, accustomed to the boom of cannon and the bursting of shell, as his rider—sans spur, sans sword, sans uniform—guided him down the corn rows. He must have felt as would the lion harnessed to a dump cart, feeling a sort of indignity in falling from military glory to the menial task of the plow horse. He probably had somewhat the same feeling as to his loss of proud position as a neighbor of General Hoke's felt about the general's position as he observed Hoke, covered with dust, guiding the plow along the furrow. One day, in the summer of 1865, as General Hoke was plowing his field with the horse he had ridden in war, a man driving by hailed him and asked:

"Ain't you General Hoke?"

The general reined up his horse and answered: "Yes."

The man asked: "Ain't that thar the horse you rode in the army?"

"Yes," answered the general.

The man looked at him in wonder, incredulity, and amazement a moment, then throwing up his arms, cried out, "God Almighty," and rode off.

It seemed to him too incongruous for words that the general who had ridden his charger in a score of engagements, giving commands and winning victories that brought him promotion to the highest rank in the army, could be the same man who was plowing a corn field. It did not seem incongruous to General Hoke. It was the duty of the moment, and he cultivated his crop with as little thought that he was doing anything beneath his dignity as he never paused to think of his power to command. Later, he turned to mining and to other business. He never offered for office, never made any appearance in public gatherings, never attended a reunion of soldiers, and, as the snow that never melts fell upon his head, found happiness in the quiet of home and association with a few friends. He kept these without capitulation. I deemed it an honor and a privilege to be admitted to his confidence and, more than once, to find guidance in public affairs from his storehouse of wisdom. Public position would have been honored by his acceptance, but he left honors to others, never withholding frank counsel when it was sought. As he had no ambition for office, he had no passion for making money. He loved to develop mineral resources, and secured a competence, but beyond that he allowed no love of riches to deny him the repose and quiet life which he had earned. When President McKinley tendered him the position and rank of major general in the Spanish-American War, General Hoke said his fighting days were over unless his country

really needed him in a crisis. He did not regard that war as such a crisis as would compel his altering his fixed mode of life. Such was the man who won victory here at Plymouth and to whom and to whose associates on land and sea we are gathered to do honor to-day. We could all wish that a portion of their spirit of courage and sacrifice in patriotically bringing about the most marvelous recuperation in history might fall upon our own and coming generations.

WITH THE VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

BY D. B. EASLEY, SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

In the February VETERAN, I read with much interest the sketch of the services of Captain Douthat in the Army of Northern Virginia, also the account of the battle of Seven Pines, by Robert W. Barnwell, Sr., I have no fault to find with Captain Douthat's article, except I don't think he did justice to that rain the night before the battle of Seven Pines. Armistead's Brigade, of Huger's Division, had marched from Petersburg that day and was camped, without tents, among some small pines. With great difficulty, we got a fire started with dead pine twigs, none as large as a finger and by feeding both the top and bottom of the skillet with them, we were trying to bake some biscuit, when the rain put out the fire instantly. I grabbed a stick and lifted the lid and told every man to get a biscuit. I was the last of four, and mine was swimming.

He also explains something that I never understood about the battle of Gettysburg. Armistead's Brigade was not only in the center, but behind the other two brigades. I saw the flag of the 15th Virginia about ten feet to the left of the 14th at the stone fence, and another about ten feet to its left whose number I did not get, and neither was of Armistead's Brigade. Kemper's Brigade evidently struck infantry before reaching the stone fence, and we did not. Other accounts state that Pickett went in about 4,500 strong, and mustered about 2,000 next day, taking no account of the fact that Corse, who was not in the fight, came in that night with about 1,500 men.

I was captured at the stone fence, but have heard invariably from those who were not that the three brigades in the fight numbered about five hundred men. At any rate, every field officer in the division was killed, wounded, or captured, except Maj. Joseph Cabell, who would have commanded the division had Pickett been killed.

I wish I could agree so nearly with Mr. Barnwell. Huger called for help about the time McClellan was landing on the Peninsula, and actually got about 5,000 men from Magruder just before he needed them most. I was with Company H, 14th Virginia Infantry, and we were on the river the day the Virginia (Merrimac) sank the Congress and Cumberland; otherwise we might have seen the fight from a distance. We stopped at Suffolk under Loring, so he must have had two divisions. We did nothing. We must have been from five to seven miles below Richmond, and near where the battle started on May 29, 1861. We started early and saw no troops of any sort except Armistead's Brigade, and crossed no bridge, but some wet weather drains one hundred or more yards wide, and did not see Huger till we passed the battle field. We passed certainly not more than one-fourth of a mile to the right of the firing, and then halted, then moved on a little and halted again, and so on during the day. Part of the time Huger was sitting in our company talking to our captain. We did not leave the road, and must have gone several miles past the firing, which sounded as if we were cut off from Richmond.

I think Mr. Barnwell must be wrong as to the time the bat-

tle started. We made no stop till we passed the firing, and being already some miles below Richmond, must have been the nearest troops to where the battle started. About night a courier, or aide, came for us, and we went back at double quick, and as I stopped at the well said to be at Casey's headquarters to fill my canteen, it got so dark that I had difficulty in finding my company, not two hundred yards off. We must have passed the battle field long before twelve, and the double quick back was, I think, the longest I took during the war. A blind man could have gotten into that battle if he had wished to before twelve o'clock from our position, and as Huger repeated the maneuver during the Seven Days' fight, failing to occupy Malvern Hill, although only sixteen or seventeen miles from Richmond, and no other duty for the six days was assigned him, we parted company without any regrets. He got our division cut up there, but I was not with him, being wounded June 1, at Seven Pines. I would like to describe Armistead's part in that fight, but a man very near eighty-four is a poor scribe.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA AND PORT OF MOBILE.

BY MRS. M. E. CURTIS, HISTORIAN ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The first white people to set foot upon what is now the State of Alabama were the Spaniards, in 1540, under Hernando De Soto, the adventurer, in search for gold.

The name "Alabama" was from its great river, and the river was so named by a tribe of Indians, the Alabamas. The land was part of a grant made by Georgia to the United States government, April 24, 1802, for a consideration of \$1,250,000, and included what are now the States of Mississippi and Alabama.

Alabama was admitted into the sisterhood of States on December 14, 1819, and it has existed under five flags—Spanish, English, French, United States, and Confederate. It has also had five capitals: St. Stephens (territorial seat of government), 1818; Huntsville, 1819; Cahaba, 1820; Tuscaloosa, 1826; Montgomery, 1846.

Alabama was for many years a battle ground for the Indians, the battle of Maubila (Mauvila), the bloodiest in all history, having been fought by De Soto against the tribe known later as the Mobilians, October 18, 1540. The Indians were finally overthrown by Gen. Andrew Jackson at the Battle of Horse Shoe Bend, in 1814.

Mobile, founded by Jean Baptiste Le Moyne Sieurs De Bienville in 1702, belongs to the aristocracy of American cities and traces her record through the famous old names of her streets. Each of the five flags which waved over the city has left an indelible trace on the names in the city.

The oldest streets in the city, Dauphin, Royal, Conti, and Government, bear their original French names, although these were changed under the Spanish rule. When the Spaniards lost power, the old names were resumed.

The first street to be named in Mobile was Conti, which was named for De Conde, a French prince of the royal house. He was a popular hero in France at the time Mobile was settled. A short time afterwards, Dauphin street was named for the Dauphin of France, and immediately became the principal street of the town. Royal Street was then named as a tribute to the reigning family of France, but was long known by the popular name of "Rue de Tournee." For a long time these three streets were the only ones in the settlement, and then Government Street was added. It was originally "Gouvernement" Street, and was named because most of the early civic officials had residences on this block.

Other streets were founded as the city spread, and the

names of the saints were utilized. St. Louis, the first street to take the name of a saint, was known as Monlouis Street; others were St. Francis, St. Michael, St. Joseph, and St. Emanuel. Conception Street was named because the first cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was located on this street.

The advent of the Spaniards is recorded in the streets. Led by Bernardo Galvez, the young governor of Spanish territory at New Orleans, the troops of Spain captured Mobile, and Galvez's name was placed on Conception Street. Dauphin Street was renamed St. John's; Conti Street was renamed St. Peter's. The names of streets which bore the patron saints of France were changed. Thus, St. Michael became St. Jago; St. Joseph became Orbonne; St. Emanuel became St. Charles.

The streets in this section, bound by Church, Joachim, St. Louis, and the river, formed the original town. Beyond this limit, historians say, was woods and swamp. Most of the Spanish names were dropped when the town became English, but Joachim was retained, after the "saint" was dropped.

The English period and the early American period is shown in the names of Congress, State, and similarly named streets. One other relic of the Spanish rule is retained in Eslava Street, named for Miguel Eslava, who was keeper of the king's account at Mobile for the king of Spain.

The town now became thoroughly American, and, as the limits extended, the names of the various states and popular leaders were adopted for the streets. Hamilton, Jackson, Monroe, and other streets were named for generals and Presidents. Then the names of States were utilized. Mobile originally had a Maine Street, a Massachusetts Street, a New Hampshire Street, and others. This remained in effect until 1861. When War between the States was declared, the names of these streets were changed. Maine became Palmietto; Massachusetts became Charleston; New Hampshire became Augusta; New York became Elnira; Vermont became Texas; Pennsylvania became Montgomery.

Mobile, with its white-pillared porches and cool piazzas screened with roses, wistarias, and honeysuckles, preserves all the outward evidences of the subtle influence called by Du Maurier "the infallible efficacy of gentle birth," a characteristic of its social aspect which the city at the mouth of Mobile River has maintained under the rule of five successive flags—yes, six, counting the feathered standard of the aboriginal owners—their homes were almost as much upon the waters of the river and the bay as upon the land. And their fleet of a hundred or more long canoes was so constantly in motion that the totem of the tribe—The Terrapin—was equally as appropriate as the name of their capital town, Mauvilla, which signified "The Paddlers."

In January, 1861, Alabama seceded from the Union to join the Confederate States of America, and on February 18, 1861, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederacy on the portico of the State capitol at Montgomery, and the spot on which he stood has been marked by a bronze star, placed by the loyal daughters of the South.

Alabama played a glorious part in the War between the States. Many of her loyal sons gave their homes and fortunes, and some their lives, for the cause they held so dear. The women, too, were loyal, even the children did their bit, as we see in the instance of Emma Sansom, the little country girl living near Gadsden, who immortalized her name by leading General Forest through a ford of Black Creek, thus enabling him to halt the march of Col. A. D. Streight toward Rome, Ga.

THE PORT OF MOBILE.

Mobile, until the phenomenal rise of Birmingham, the Magic City, was the largest city of Alabama. In 1702, the French, under Bienville, established the original site of the city on Mobile Bay, at the mouth of Dog River, and built there Fort St. Louis de la Mobile, in honor of his sovereign and in the name of the Indian tribe occupying the land. In 1711, a more desirable location being sought, he established a permanent colony at Fort Conde, the present site of the city located on the west side of Mobile River, where it empties into the bay of the same name.

Upon this beautiful bay, a somewhat treacherous body of water, which opens upon the Gulf of Mexico, was fought a celebrated battle, August, 5, 1864, Admiral Buchanan commanding the Confederate fleet, Admiral Farragut the Federal fleet. The entrance to the bay was guarded by two forts—Morgan and Gaines—which had been seized by Governor Moore, of Alabama, when he felt sure the ordinance of secession would be passed. Of this battle, Admiral Porter, one of the distinguished commanders of the North, said (as quoted in Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government"): "Most of the Southern ports fell into our possession with comparative facility; and the difficulty of capturing Charleston, Savannah, Wilmington, and Mobile was in a measure owing to the fact that the approaches to these places were filled with various kinds of torpedoes, laid in groups, and fired by electricity. The introduction of this means of defense on the side of the Confederates was for a time a severe check to our naval forces, for the commanders of squadrons felt it their duty to be careful when dealing with an element of warfare of which they knew so little, and the character and disposition of which it was so difficult to discover. In this system of defense, therefore, the enemy found their greatest security."

In the Mobile navy yard was built the first successful submarine vessel in the world, the cigar-shaped submarine Hunley that sank the huge Federal steamship Housatonic, though in performing the then novel feat she went to her own destruction. Also built in the Mobile navy yard, which was an extension and part of the Confederate navy yard at Selma, up the river, were the ships Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, and the ram Tennessee, all of which were engaged in the battle of Mobile Bay on August 5, 1864.

President Davis, in his book, makes this comment upon the battle of Mobile Bay: "The unequal contest was decidedly creditable to the Confederacy. The entire loss of the enemy, most of which is ascribed to the Tennessee, amounted to quite three hundred in killed and wounded, exclusive of one hundred lost on the sunken ironclad, making a number almost as large as the entire Confederate force."

In Mobile once officiated as priest the well-beloved Father Ryan, immortal author of "The Sword of Lee" and the "Conquered Banner," "The Flag of Erin," and "A Land without Ruins."

To-day, the port of Mobile thinks only in terms of the future. Business is the watchword, double-quick is the stride of the awakened town, and among its many industries and places of prominence may be mentioned the following: Cochrane Bridge spans the widest gap in the historic and popular Old Spanish Trail Federal Highway between St. Augustine, Fla., and San Diego, Calif. In one of the small parks in the center of Government Street, near the river, are to be found mounted an old cannon from Fort Morgan and another from Fort Charlotte. Just west of those cannon will be found the statue of Admiral Raphael Semmes in

Bienville Square, with its beautiful irregular live oaks. Mobile has a paper mill, hardwood lumber plant, overall plant, pine lumber plant, veneer plant, meat packing plant, turpentine cup plant, structural steel plant, foreign commerce, sea foods, cotton mills, railroad shops, naval stores, fertilizer plant, dye wood and tanning extract plant, black strap molasses plant, cigar box veneers, ornamental floor tile, roofing plant, creosoting plant, banana boats, cement pipe plant, Spring Hill College, Convent of the Visitation, McGill Institute, Barton Academy, and many churches, the Government Street Presbyterian Church, which is nearing the century mark, is regarded as one of the most interesting examples of Greek architecture, not only in the city, but in the entire South. It is believed that the church was designed by Dr. W. T. Hamilton, the first pastor of the Church.

The three styles of Greek columns can be seen in the church. The exterior columns are Ionic, the gallery columns are Doric, and the pulpit columns Corinthian. The indented or coffered ceiling is also unique, and, like the arch over the pulpit, is thought to be without a duplicate in this country. Two beautiful Tiffany altar vases are the only ornaments.

Another interesting feature of the old church still preserved is the old slave gallery.

It is interesting to note that the Mardi Gras Carnivals, celebrated throughout cities of the South, originated at Mobile.

Statistics compiled in the office of the collector of customs showed the value of export commerce for the calendar year 1927 as \$44,964,596, and the value of imports as \$8,276,452 making a combined total of \$53,241,048. Mobile thinks only in terms of the future—an old city with new ideals and opportunities. Business is the watchword, double-quick is the stride of the awakened town. To adapt a phrase from the striking remarks of Mr. Clarence Poe, of North Carolina: "If the test of a section is not where it stands, but how it is moving, then Mobile, with all Alabama, is undoubtedly progressive."

The business activity of the city, the crowded shipping of the harbor really distract the eye from the natural beauties of the bay, which rivals in charm its near neighbor on Mississippi Sound, the fair Pascagoula Bay. Yet here are the same wondrous effects of water and sky, varying from day to day, changing from hour to hour—though loveliest, perhaps, at dawn, when the moon of splendid passing night, low hanging on the western horizon, silvers the crest of every wavelet on that side of the bay, while the eastern ripples are turned to burnished gold as fast as they are touched by flaming shafts flung wide by heralds of the approaching king of day. Small wonder that Mauvilla worshiped the sun.

MUSICAL LIFE OF THE SOUTH,

BY MARY PRIDEMORE, VICE PRESIDENT GEN. ROBERT E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The part the South has contributed to the music of our American nation has never been fully told. The histories of American music have been written chiefly by Northern and New England authors, who naturally laid stress on the music of their own sections, with which they were familiar, and have failed to collect statistics of the musical life of the Southern people. Yet it is undoubtedly true that while in the early days the music of the Puritans and Pilgrims was confined strictly to religious singing of hymns, and secular music was considered frivolous and sacrilegious, the Southern colonists

were enjoying concerts and operas, because here there was no such religious and musical prejudice.

These colonists, such as the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Huguenots of Carolina, although in a barbarous land, were by no means barbarians themselves. Many were educated and refined, and no doubt some were musically cultivated, so that as soon as room was found on the small vessels coming over from England, we find mention made in old inventories of imported organs, violins, and harpsichords.

According to statistics found in old eighteenth century newspapers, the first large musical activity of artistic significance in America was developed in Charleston, S. C. Indeed, the first song recital in America took place in Charleston on February 26, 1733. And Charleston has also the honor of organizing the pioneer musical society of America, the "St. Cecelia Society," organized in 1762. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, writing of a Southern journey in 1773, describes the music of a concert given by this society as "grand, especially the bass viol and French horns." President Washington, in his *Journal*, speaking of a visit to Charleston in 1791, wrote that he went to a concert.

Savannah, Ga., also had a remarkable musical life for her size. In 1766, the *Georgia Gazette* mentions the "usual benefit concert of music," and, in 1796, a "grand concert of symphony, song, and concerto." And in Virginia, Williamsburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Alexandria, Norfolk, and Petersburg, all had music at an early date. General Washington, in his ledger, noted his expense for concerts at Williamsburg in 1765 and 1767. Fredericksburg had a concert advertised in the *Virginia Gazette* for January 10, 1784, a concert by the Harmonic Society, which proves an organized activity.

In New Orleans, in 1791, was established performances of opera which have continued more or less ever since. It was the first American city to establish opera permanently, and while this French opera was not of as high class as the New York opera of to-day nevertheless it has certainly been of the greatest importance in the musical life of the nation. These facts have been itemized in order to show the unpopular contention that the South had a comparatively rich and ripe musical experience before New England found it in her conscience to open a very ready ear to secular music.

After the Revolution, music, and good music, was the ordinary enjoyment of the plantation household. Many planters brought teachers from abroad, and the young Southerners were trained on the harpsichord, piano, violin, cello, flute, and guitar. Voices also were trained by these foreign teachers. Perhaps nowhere in America at that time was there so vivid an enjoyment of the best that music has to offer, and this love of music was continued up to the War between the States. When that war came, and the national tragedy was at hand, the cultured men who could have made the music were shouldering the muskets. There were no men to spare, and none, men or women, with leisure to express themselves musically.

After the war, the South, of course, was too utterly impoverished to support the fine arts. There was little music of any kind. The decade and a half of carpetbag rule was a time of suffering and struggle, and there was no leisure or money for music. Therefore, taste naturally declined under these conditions, so that when traveling companies found their way South again it was the music of a lighter strain that was heralded.

But for the past several decades, musical intelligence has again been spreading throughout the South, and while the opera has deteriorated in New Orleans for the last eighteen

years, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York has been coming to Atlanta for a season of one week, giving as many as eight operas during each season. The Chicago Opera Company has also entered the Southern field, and is permanently established in our next-door neighbor, Chattanooga, where they give a season of opera every February; and other lesser opera companies tour the South each year.

All the great artists tour our Southern States and give concerts in all the larger cities. Then there have arisen schools of music in the large cities of the South, conservatories and choral societies, and organizations for ensemble playing. A few cities in the South have their symphony orchestras. Converse College for Women, in Spartanburg, S. C., holds a festival of music every spring, in which local chorus and orchestra combine with great artists to make a festival of high rank. Our own city of Nashville, a live educational center, has much music in connection with her colleges and schools.

Of the composers the South has produced, a few of the outstanding may be mentioned. Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born in New Orleans, was the first American composer to win European notice in composition and performance. Frank Van Der Stucken, of Texas, is one of the South's most eminent composers. Dr. Lowell Mason, the father of American Church music, while he was born in Massachusetts, may be partly claimed by the South, as he spent his youth and young manhood in Savannah. Stephen Collins Foster, whose genius with its wit and ending was so similar to Poe's, may also be claimed, in a way, by the South, for his compositions are modeled on folk songs of plantation type, although he was born in Pittsburgh, but of Virginia parents. His tender songs such as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and many others, caught from the lips of the darkies and molded into ballad form, will probably ever exercise a masterful influence.

Lily Strickland, of South Carolina, E. L. Ashford, of Nashville, Tenn., Leslie Loth, of Virginia, Roy Lamont Smith, of Chattanooga, Tenn., David Guion, of Texas, and John Powell, composer and pianist, of Virginia, are only a few of the South's modern composers who have taken their places in the ranks of the foremost American composers.

Of the famous war songs of the South, "Dixie," the Southern song par excellence, though composed for a minstrel show by an Ohio man, Dan D. Emmett, the Southern soldiers, simply because they liked it, sang it into the heart of the Confederacy. The South paid her debt for Dixie by providing the music for the most popular song of the Union soldiers, "Glory Hallelujah," or "John Brown's Body," which was composed by William Steffe. "The Bonnie Blue Flag" is of Southern origin, both words and music. It was composed in New Orleans by Harry McCarthy. It is told by one historian that when the Federal soldiers were in New Orleans, "Parties of ladies, upon balconies of houses, would turn their backs when soldiers were passing, while one of them would run to the piano and play "The Bonnie Blue Flag" with the energy that lovely woman knows how to throw into a performance of that kind. Southern ownership in "Maryland, My Maryland" is vested only in the words, written by James Randall. The music is taken from an old German folk song.

The special gift the South has made to the musical world is in the array of artists she has produced, such as Clara Louise Kellogg, of South Carolina; Minnie Hauk, of New Orleans; Carrie Bridewell, of Alabama; Alice Neilson, of Tennessee; John Powell, of Virginia; the Metropolitan star, Mary Lewis, of Arkansas; and quite recently our own city has

produced the Metropolitan singer, Joseph McPherson; and the latest prima donna, Grace Moore, comes from the little town of Jellico in East Tennessee.

In writing a history of Southern music, it would be very incomplete if we left out negro music, as the nearest approach to American "folk music" is that played or sung by the negroes of the Southern States. Indeed, the quaint melodies and fascinating rhythms of the beautiful negro spirituelles constitute a rich field of melodic material for future composers. Such eminent American composers as Gottschalk, Chadwick, and Percy Grainger have already used these themes for important compositions.

It is not likely that any considerable part of this negro music was brought from Africa, as many suppose. Where, then, did he get his music? We all know the negro is a born copyist, and it is highly probable that the stuff out of which his songs are composed was imported raw material of Scotch, Irish, and English songs which came to the South with the early colonists and have disappeared except in this form. However, it is impossible to determine how much is simply the result of primitive uncertainty of tone and how much is African, for that the negro has a latent musical gift cannot be denied.

In singing the spirituelles, often one of the chorus acts as leader and gives a line or two by himself, the chorus coming in with the refrain. The negro is very sensitive to rhythm and his time is sure to be accurate. The spirituelles are sometimes minor and sometimes major, occasionally a mixed mode is employed. Common time is usual, grace notes, quaint postponement of accent, and gliding attacks abound, and all gain strong character from the sweet voices and emotional gestures of the singers. The words are often highly imaginative, as the negro is intensely superstitious and emotional, and, when his supply of lines gives out, or his memory fails, he resorts to improvisation. Sometimes the improvised lines will be given in turn by different ones in the chorus who have the faculty of inventing them. There is a pathos in these spirituelles that is appealing, and while a quick ear is more common than tunefulness, the effect produced by the singing of a great number, always in unison, so quickens the hearer's pulse or moves him to tears that defects are forgotten. It is almost unnecessary to state that the vulgar ragtime and "coon songs" and "jazz" of the concert hall and minstrel show are decadent types, and bear little relation to genuine negro melody.

Of outstanding negro musicians mention may be made of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who have gained international reputation, touring the United States many times and making several trips to Europe, and who raised \$150,000 for the University. Also the composer, Harry Burleigh, who has composed many beautiful songs, many of which are modeled on the spirituelles; and the famous tenor, Roland Hayes, of Chattanooga, of whom, when he was in Germany last year, the German critics said, sang German "lieder" so beautifully perfect that if his skin were not black they would think him a German.

Writing from Fairfax, Va., Robert E. Wiley says: "I am reminded that sixty-six years ago to-day, June 26, 1862, we opened up the seven days battles around Richmond, Va. The company to which I belonged went in with fifty-five men, and before the sun went down on that day, there were only nineteen of us left whole of the company. Of course, many others were killed and crippled from other commands but I heard of no loss in any one company which measured up with our loss on that day."

SOME HISTORY AROUND RUSSELLVILLE, TENN.

BY REBECCA DOUGHERTY HYATT.

Could there be a more historic setting for a monument to a military body than Russellville, Tenn., an old town that has been building history since those far-away days when stage-coaches rumbled through its only street? The days when the old Riggs Tavern radiated hospitality to such celebrities as Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, the Prince Louis Phillippe, afterwards king of France, and many others of noteworthy importance?

What reveries of a past age come with each step through this old town, what traditions and romances are associated with these old landmarks, landmarks whose preservation would be priceless to posterity! We have many interesting accounts that have not been recorded in history.

Russellville has furnished soldiers for every war. Indeed, Russellville was settled on land granted by an appreciative government for services rendered in the War of the Revolution. These soldiers were ancestors of our present-day citizens. James Roddy won his commission as colonel for bravery in the battle of King's Mountain. He settled here on his large estate and married a daughter of William Russell, for whom our village was named. Colonel Roddy was one of the signers of the first constitution of the State of Tennessee. He was a devout Baptist and, there being no place of worship in the vicinity, he offered his house for this purpose, and there in the big living room, Richard Rice, a colleague of Judson, the first missionary to India, addressed a large audience of Tennessee's pioneers, soliciting means for the maintenance of missionaries. His house may still be seen across the way on the old trail which led from the Carolinas toward the west. This old estate, after Colonel Roddy's death, was purchased by Mr. Graham, of Tazewell, and has since been known as "Hayslope."

Another soldier, David Coffman, an officer, was granted four hundred acres of land for his services in the Revolutionary War. His house of hewn logs, built a century and half ago, still houses his descendants. Near by stands the log church house which was the second Baptist Church to be organized in what is now Tennessee. And William Donaldson, another Revolutionary soldier; settled on a land grant adjoining that of Colonel Roddy. And Capt. William Cock, Joseph Anderson, and many others who lived in this settlement fought against the soldiers of the king. Is it surprising, then, that sons of these valorous men would follow "Old Hickory" through the bloody battles of the Horseshoe Bend and of New Orleans? Nor that, in 1846, fifty-seven of Russellville's sons were mobilized on this very ground, following the colors to fight for their country, and marched triumphantly into Mexico City? In this struggle some gave their lives, others won honors. Private Caswell returned with the commission of brigadier general. During the War between the States, General Caswell was killed at Caswell Station, near Knoxville. His old home may still be seen here. In the bloody days of the sixties, Russellville, to a man, arose to do battle, divided between the Blue and the Gray. In the war with Spain, the men of Russellville did honor to their country.

And, again, is it surprising that a soldier of Russellville should receive decorations from five of the allied nations in the World War and the highest recognition that is possible for his own country to bestow, the Congressional Medal?

But it is our purpose to-day, as Daughters of the Confederacy, to do honor to the soldiers of the War between the States, the soldiers in gray. The Army of Tennessee was encamped in 1863 and 1864 along this highway, then an old

field, and whose guards stood picket night after night under these very chestnut trees, while down in the big old barn cavalry horses stamped impatiently and batteries were planted in readiness for action. General Longstreet, with his staff, had headquarters here in the village. General McLaws was in quarters at the old Roddy house at Hayslope, while General Kershaw was at Greenwood with his staff.

In placing this marker, it is our purpose to honor all soldiers of the Army of Tennessee who came this way and to keep fresh in the minds of future generations the valorous deeds of these men who wore the gray. No braver soldiers have the wars of earth ever known, these men in the Army of Tennessee. In history we follow them through the hardest-fought battles of the War between the States.

During trying years following the departure of this army, Russellville had her hardships. Russellville was a rendezvous, alternately, for both Federal and Confederate troops. During the winter of 1862, Major Fairfax granted protection to the cows at Hayslope on condition of receiving a gallon of milk daily for his egg-nogs. When General Bryan and his staff moved into the house, they brought a bounty of rations, and there was no lack of food at first; later, it was sadly different. The last winter it was no unusual sight to see ragged, bare-footed soldiers huddled together for warmth in the big barn, living on a ration of one ear of corn a day, which they parched and soaked in water before eating.

During the retreat of the Federals from Bull's Gap, the Confederates formed a line of attack and charged on the graveyard hill. Generals Breckenridge and Basil Duke pursued the enemy down the Morristown road and such



MARKER AT THE CAMPING PLACE OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE IN 1863 AND LITTLE BETSY ADAMS HYATT, WHO UNVEILED THE MARKER

ceeded in taking ammunition and other army supplies and in capturing many prisoners. In the conflicts in and around this section many were killed and wounded. The beautiful old brick church here and Bethesda Church were converted into hospitals where women nursed the sick, cared for the wounded, and furnished their own linens for winding sheets for the dead. These men who fell, though their voices were stilled, must have cried out that such wars would come to pass no more. The Russellville women dug the graves and buried the dead of friend and foe alike, where side by side in peace lie the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray.

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray."

OLD MIDWAY CHURCH.

BY MRS. W. M. WATSON, O. C. HORNE CHAPTER, U. D. C., HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Midway Church, built on a wooded knoll, commands a southern view of the beautiful Coastal Highway which passes through the lower part of Liberty County, Ga. A big old live oak, festooned with Spanish moss, mingles with giant pines to form a setting, fringed with feathery gray cypress trees, for the beautiful, lofty-spired white buildings which is the renowned Midway Church.

The building is made of heart wood, still tough and sound, and it is painted white inside and out. The pews have old-fashioned swinging doors, and the high pulpit has steps leading up on each side. The gallery is built around the three sides, amphitheater style, and was used in olden times by the slaves. The old melodeon has been converted into a handsome table, which occupies a place in front of the pulpit.

Much of the natural beauty of the surroundings of Midway Church has been left, with the result that the charm of a period long gone and almost forgotten, except for historical records, has been held captive for the eyes of the present generation.

Midway has ever proved a fertile field for the historian, while a wealth of romance in both song and story has been handed down through the years. The minute books of the Midway Society, which date back from the year 1754, contain much interesting data concerning the old church and the early colonists. A number of these books have been placed with the Georgia Historical Society for safe-keeping.

It was on March 30, 1630, that the ancestors of Midway Church people after "a day of prayer and fasting and a sermon," sailed from Dorchester, England, in their chartered vessel, the Mary and John, reaching the harbor of Nantucket, May 30, 1630. They established a colony in Massachusetts, which they named Dorchester, in honor of their old home back in England.

After five years they became dissatisfied and many removed to Dorchester, Conn. Here they remained for sixty years, when some moved on to find new fields. Always their departure was preceded by prayers and religious services. At this time a request came to Dorchester, Conn., from some Puritan element that had settled in South Carolina for some one to come and "minister to them in holy things," and a small band, organized as a Church, and led by their pastor, the Rev. Joseph Lord, set sail for South Carolina.

Stephens's "History of Georgia" says: "They were the first missionaries that ever left the shores of New England."

There was something morally sublime in the spectacle which they presented. It was not the departure of one minister, or of one family, but of a whole Church.

This band of men settled, in 1696, on the banks of the Ashley River, about eighteen miles above Charleston, and named the place Dorchester in honor of their former homes.

This colony remained at Dorchester, S. C., fifty-six years, when the unhealthfulness of their location, the narrowness of their land, the increase of their population, and the tendency of the younger members of their community to remove in order to make more profitable settlements, caused them to come farther south, where they secured sufficient tracts of land for their extended plantations.

They secured 32,550 acres of land on the Midway River in the Colony of Georgia, and, on December 6, 1752, Benjamin Baker and family and Samuel Baker and family arrived and commenced a settlement. Other families followed, and, in 1754, seventeen families came, including that of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Osgood.

The Church records show that there were thirty-eight families and five single persons in 1771. Following the arrival of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Osgood, a log church was erected on Midway Neck, where the venerable Midway meeting house now stands, and the first sermon was preached there June 7, 1754.

They soon held a meeting for the purpose of forming a covenant and also to plan a more convenient house of worship, which was built in 1756. The land for the church building was deeded by Mr. John Stevens and wife, and the contract for sawing the lumber (by hand) was given to Mr. James Maxwell.

Special rules were adopted covering rights to vote, privileges, choice of seats, etc., and a "Book of Rights" kept all amounts paid.

This church building was burned by the British under Colonel Prevost in 1778.

With all of her sons who were able to bear arms, serving in the Revolutionary War, the church burned, the farms destroyed, their pastor, Rev. Mr. Allen, imprisoned (and, in trying to escape, drowned), the community was almost broken up for a time; but we find this sturdy, unconquerable people returning in 1782, and in 1792 they built the present church on the same spot as that burned.

Nearly two centuries have passed since then, and in these years the deeds of the descendants of that stanch band of Puritans have become indelibly linked with both State and national history.

No other Church in America has given to the world so many men and women prominent in all walks of life. As the radio broadcasts the voice, encircling the globe as far as the wave lengths go, so has the mighty influence for good gone out from this Church over and around the world, even unto the heathen countries of China, Japan, Korea, and Burma, of the Orient.

From the membership of this Church many other Churches have been organized, hence the name, "Mother of Churches." Midway has long been known as the "Mother of Ministers," having given to the world eighty-six ministers of the gospel.

The first Georgian elevated to the position of bishop of the M. E. Church was the grandson of James Andrew, one of the original settlers of Midway. Dr. Mell (Baptist), who was professor of ancient languages at Mercer, 1842-55, afterwards chancellor of the State University, was born at Midway and baptized in this church. Rev. Abiel Stevens, also a Baptist, was born and baptized here and went as a missionary to Burma, in 1836.

The Rev. Edward Axson, father of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was born and reared here, while his father, Rev. I. S. K. Axson, was a minister at Midway.

John Quarterman, who bears the wonderful record of having among his descendants twenty-four ministers, seven foreign missionaries, and eight professors of note, besides many others of distinction, was one of the original settlers.

To Joseph and John LeConte, brothers of world-wide reputation as scientists, born and reared there, does the University of California at Berkeley owe its present renown. The Rev. Thomas Goulding, of this colony, invented the first sewing machine in 1842, antedating Elias Howe by a few years; but as he did not get patents out, the honor went to Howe.

Without doubt, the St. John's Parish (which is in Liberty County) was the cradle of the most intense Revolutionary spirit.

Not accepting the conditions of the convention which met in Tondies Long room at Savannah, Ga., July, 1774, the committee from St. John's withdrew, and later sent their own delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, so it came about that this colony had two of its members, Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett, as signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Five counties—Screven, Stewart, Hall, Gwinnett, and Baker were named after her illustrious sons, who lie sleeping in the cemetery at Midway.

Here also we find the grave of Hon. John E. Ward, who went to China as United States Minister in 1859, and was the first American or English minister or minister of any other nation to visit Peking and hold council with the officials of that great empire.

In the center of this beautiful cemetery is the \$10,000 monument erected by the United States government to the memory of Revolutionary Generals Screven and Stewart. The latter was the great-grandfather of President Roosevelt.

On the left is a small monument of the great philanthropist, John Lambert, who died December, 1786. His will reads in part: "I bequeath to the Church and society one silver tankard and two communion cups." The yearly income of his estate was for charitable, religious, and educational work, "or wherever any good, pious purpose may be answered in the Church of Midway." Although this fund has been much reduced in the one hundred and thirty-eight years, this community is still being benefited by it.

In 1865, the cemetery was used as a slaughter pen and the church as a slaughterhouse by Sherman's army. Fortunately, the church was spared, but the homes were all burned and the plantations wrecked. The people scattered, many remaining in their summer residences in the villages of Walthourville, Flemington, and Dorchester.

Smaller churches were built in each of the villages and the doors of the old church were shut and the records closed, except where annually the descendants and friends meet on April 26 and have memorial services in the old church, bringing a basket dinner and enjoying the reunion of relatives and friends. After the memorial address in the afternoon, wreaths of flowers and evergreens are placed on the graves of the Confederate dead.

A moss-grown brick wall, five feet thick, incloses Midway Cemetery, where lies twelve hundred dead. It has been said that in all America there is no other spot of its size where sleep so many illustrious dead.

"Eternity alone will be able to reveal the good done by that one Church and community."—*Stacy*.

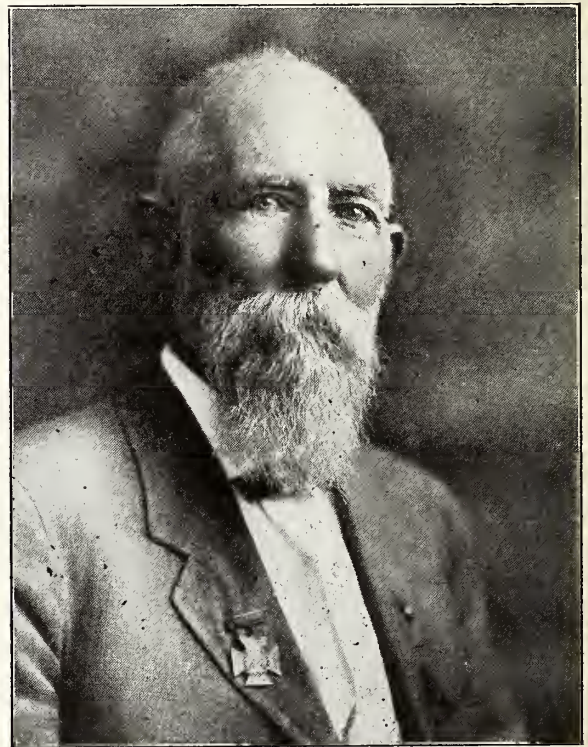
OUR VETERANS.

BY MILDRED PUGH PRESCOTT, LETCHER, LA.

Come, let us welcome them, cheer them with might,
Brave stars of strength in our country's dark night!
Look backward and see them in martial array,
Duty called and Hope beckoned them on to the fray.

But few now are left us of all the great band
Who suffered and fought for our Southern land;
To these brave and true in homage we bow,
And in thought place a laurel wreath over each brow.

Then, come! Let us greet them with music and cheer!
Dear veteran soldiers, while they are here.
Too soon, alas! will Time's chilling breeze
Call them to rest "'neath the shade of the trees."



GEN. F. A. HOWELL

The Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., Gen. F. A. Howell, was a private of Company F 11th Mississippi Infantry, from August 18, 1861, to July 3, 1863, when he was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and disabled for further service in the infantry; but in August, 1864, he joined Company A, 6th Mississippi Cavalry, and served until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. In 1893, when the Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., was organized at Lexington, Miss., he was elected its Adjutant and has been annually elected to the same office ever since. In October, 1927, he was elected without opposition to Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., after having served six years as Commander of the 1st Brigade, Mississippi Division.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF MISSOURI.

BY MRS. BERNARD C. HUNT, COLUMBIA, MO.

The origin of the Confederate Home of Missouri can be traced to the year 1882, when two associations were organized in St. Louis, the Confederate Soldiers of St. Louis, Incorporated, and the Southern Historical and Benevolent Association.

At the State encampment of the Confederate Veterans held at Higginsville in 1889, it was decided to build a Confederate Home for the less fortunate veterans. On August 17, 1889, the Confederate Home Association was incorporated with Thomas J. Portis, President. The Executive Committee met the following January, 1890, and decided on the location. They purchased the Grove Young farm of three hundred and sixty-five acres, located one mile north of Higginsville, in Lafayette County. This farm is one of the finest and most fertile in Missouri, according to the United States Soil Survey. The Committee paid \$18,000 for the farm, the necessary amount being raised by citizens of Lafayette County. Strangely enough, but nevertheless a fact, a Union soldier gave \$5,000 to this fund.

For more than a year a State-wide financial campaign went on and was declared a great success, for on April 17, 1891, the first building was completed, and Julius Bainberge, seventy-eight years old, was admitted as the first inmate. From the date of his admission to June 20, 1893, sixty veterans had been enrolled, with the average age of sixty-four and one-half years. Capt. Mark Belt was the first superintendent of the home.

The first officers of the association now turned the affairs over to a new board, with James Bannerman of St. Louis, president; Harvey W. Salmon, of Clinton, vice president; and T. W. Cassell, superintendent.

Missouri had at this time fifteen congressional districts, and it was thought advisable by the board to have an executive committee made up of one responsible man from each district. The duties of this committee were to be twofold—first, to solicit and collect money for buildings and maintenance; second, to help place eligible veterans and their wives in the institution. In three years they collected \$70,000. Associated with Mr. Bannerman in this great task of financing and establishing the Home were many fine and capable men, among them Maj. Henry A. Newman, Huntsville, and Capt. W. P. Barlow, St. Louis, who gave liberally of time and money.

About this time there was organized in St. Louis the first Southern Women's Organization. On January 27, 1891, this organization was named "The Daughters of the Confederacy," and Mrs. Margaret A. E. McLure was chosen President. Mrs. A. C. Cassidy conceived the idea of such an organization. Its complete aim and purpose was to give to St. Louis women the opportunity to aid in the erection of the Confederate Home of Missouri. At this first meeting, ninety-seven women were present and it was held in the parlors of the Southern Hotel. It was decided to hold a strawberry festival at once. This proved a wonderful success, clearing \$597.65, of which \$52 came from the "most popular young lady" contest, and \$167 from the auction of a cake.

At the Home the cottages were now being completed, and this band of Southern women assumed the duty of furnishing four of them at a net cost of \$395.05. In addition, they gave \$255.88 for furniture for the main building, making a total of \$650.93 expended from the proceeds of the strawberry festival. This was the first of their activities, and they have never ceased.

To this band of women was given the privilege of naming four cottages, which they honored with the names of Gens. John S. Bowen, W. Y. Slack, M. M. Parsons, and Henry Little, respectively. The ladies of Knox County, who had made a fine contribution, were allowed to name the fifth cottage in honor of Gen. Martin E. Greene.

The next move to raise money was a voting contest for the most popular young lady in Missouri. Miss Belle Morris, of Mexico, won the gold medal. This contest netted \$701.30. The Pattonville Cooking Club, a St. Louis County Auxiliary, presented the St. Louis organization with a check for \$1,025.

Many attempts had been made to induce the women of Missouri to organize auxiliary societies to the Confederate Home Association under the general name of "The Daughters of the Confederacy," these organizations to report their work to the main organization and deposit their money with it, so that in the annual report the entire work of all the women could be consolidated and the money used to erect the main building. The cost of this building had been estimated at \$30,000, and with eighteen auxiliaries and ten Ladies' Societies to work, it was resolved that the women build the main building and leave the endowment fund for the men to raise. The treasurer's report showed \$11,618.06, and the Ladies' Societies, \$4,339, making a total of \$15,951.61, over one-half of the required amount.

The main and central building was given to the Home by the Daughters of the Confederacy. It is a two-story brick Colonial building, typifying the architecture of the South with its spacious verandas and broad, sweeping porches. The outside trimmings are of stone. The veranda is two stories high and covers the entire length of two sides of the building. Beyond the large entrance hall, and to the right, is a beautiful room dedicated to the memory of Gen. John S. Marmaduke and Capt. William Robinson McLure, son of Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis. In this room is a very handsome clock, the gift of "Mother McLure," said to be one of the handsomest in our State. The parlor was dedicated to the memory of ex-Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson, war-time governor, and was furnished by the Daughters from Hannibal and Marshall.

J. B. Legg, of St. Louis, was the architect of the building. He donated all his plans and specifications to the board.

Cottage Row was beautifully and thoughtfully laid out. All of the cottages were built on lots 100 by 200 feet. All had three rooms, front and back porches, nice grassy front yards, and excellent plots for vegetable gardens. It might well be noted here that one of these cottages was given by citizens of Quincy, Ill.

Beside the cottages erected by the Association, a number were built by Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and named in honor of distinguished soldiers. The imposing chapel was built by ladies from Lafayette County at a cost of \$1,200.

The formal dedication of the Confederate Home was held on June 9, 1893, when Rev. P. G. Robert, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion in St. Louis, formally presented, on behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the main building to the Confederate Home Association. Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, known to all as "Mother McLure," was a dear, sweet, and charming Southern lady in the early eighties, who gave much of her time in helping to provide comforts and necessities for the "boys" at the Home.

In the first official report made by Superintendent Cassell, dated June 20 to December 31, 1893, he stated that he had taken in fifty-five members, making a total of one hundred and fifteen at the Home on January 1, 1894. During these

months, \$8,013.67 was collected from various sources. Women from Saline County started the movement of fostering a library, and in this same report were listed 1,453 books and magazines. During the year 1894, much work was done and improvements made on the grounds and buildings. A picket fence was built around the main building and a macadam drive, 435 feet long and ten feet wide, laid in the main avenue.

Fruit and shade trees were set out and much small fruit started.

In 1898, at Fayette, Mo., the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed with four Chapters. Mrs. R. E. Wilson was the first President. The second convention was held at Higginsville on May 10, 1899, at which the following Chapters were represented: St. Louis, Fayette, Lexington, Kansas City, and Higginsville. The two principal activities of this convention were, first, to acquire possession of the Confederate Home Cemetery; second, to appeal to the legislature and to the school boards for the true teaching of history in the Missouri schools.

On November 1, the Missouri Pacific Railroad designated the Confederate Home a flag station. This was greatly needed and appreciated by the veterans and their friends. In May, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, President of the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who often visited the Home, saw that seventy-five suits were needed, and on September 10 each veteran received a new outfit.

During the year, two thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight visitors were registered at the Home. Some few were probably mere sight-seers, but in the main, these guests were in loving sympathy with this great project. In the Superintendent's report for the first six months of 1895, we find that money was becoming harder and harder to procure. Missouri land had been hit hard financially by crop failures. Plans were then made by the Board to have the Executive Committee solicit and collect funds at the School District elections. Through this method, \$15,237.86 was raised. Again, on June 3, 1895, the United Daughters of the Confederacy from Higginsville served refreshments to more than one thousand visitors in the dining room of the main building, clearing \$600, which they gave to the Maintenance Fund.

The Home was now badly in need of a hospital. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of St. Louis, realizing this great necessity, paid for its erection. The hospital was a two-story frame building with eleven rooms, a large veranda, two bath rooms, and stationary wash basins with hot and cold water, at a cost of about \$4,173.86. All of the fourteen cottages were now furnished and occupied. In 1896, the finances were growing very low. The veterans over the State who were instrumental in the building of the Home were rapidly growing old and becoming physically unable to carry on yearly campaigns for funds. At the same time, each year saw a larger enrollment, necessitating more money for maintenance. At the time of the fifth annual report, there were one hundred and thirty-two inmates. During this financial panic of 1896, many Chapters gave money directly to the Home to assist with the maintenance—St. Joseph, Sedalia, Sweet Springs, Hannibal, Liberty, Cape Girardeau, Jefferson City, Higginsville, Odessa, New Madrid, and St. Louis. Total expenditures at the Home from August 26, 1890, to May 31, 1895, were \$83,468.27. The United Daughters of the Confederacy gave \$31,033.41, making a total of \$121,092.90.

The Board now considered mortgaging the Home in order to procure money, but some of the members felt that some-

thing else should be done, as the number of applicants was rapidly increasing and it was growing more and more difficult to secure enough money by private subscriptions to run the institution. As the mortgage plan very evidently would afford only temporary relief, many influential citizens and ex-Union soldiers advised the Board to appeal for help to the next session of the State legislature.

Consequently, on June 1, 1897, the State of Missouri, by the Act of legislature, approved by Gov. Lon V. Stephens, took over the Confederate Home, with the entire farm and the buildings, consisting of one main brick building, one ten-room superintendent's home, fourteen cottages, two farm houses and improvements, and one chapel. The State assumed all financial obligations with the understanding that it was to be used as a Confederate Home as long as one eligible veteran or his wife wished to stay at the institution. The two and one-half acres in the cemetery were not deeded over until August 17, 1904, by the Confederate Home Board to the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Prior to this, the Daughters paid for an iron fence around the cemetery, the cost of which was \$816.60. There are now six hundred and sixty-five veterans and veterans' wives buried in the cemetery.

We have had many good and capable superintendents. George E. Patton served from 1897 to 1900; N. H. Kavanah from 1901 to 1902; J. L. Pace from 1913 to 1920. F. H. Chambers, who came to the Home in 1921, is still our superintendent, doing a fine work.

On June 2, 1906, the Missouri Division unveiled the Confederate monument in the cemetery. This monument, which is built of solid granite, cost \$5,000. The upper part is carved and each corner protected by a column, and the whole covered with a granite roof. The monument is a reproduction in solid rock of the Thorwaldsen Colossal Lion. In one of his strong paws is the seal of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with the striking motto,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Below the seal is the legend, "In Memoriam" of the Confederate dead. On the back of the monument are the words: "Erected by the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Gloria Victes. 1865."

Since 1897, one thousand four hundred and forty-three inmates have been admitted and cared for, and at the present time, 1928, we have one hundred and seventy-two in our family. The general conditions at the Home have always been very satisfactory and are especially so just now under the loving care and direction of Superintendent and Mrs. Chambers.

Many persons who have visited Confederate Homes in other Southern States have said that Missouri's Home ranks first and is the best one in the entire country. Many permanent and worth-while improvements have been made in the past ten years. We now have our main building, two men's dormitories, a ladies' home, a beautiful new hospital with modern equipment, commissary, greenhouse, church, fourteen cottages, a superintendent's home, and a number of farm buildings.

In January, 1925, the Confederate Home Board, Superintendent F. H. Chambers, and Mrs. Hugh Miller, Division President, appeared before the fifty-third General Assembly asking that ninety-two acres of the Home farm be set aside for a memorial park to be dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldiers. The bill passed both the Senate and the House without a dissenting vote and was later signed by

our Republican governor, with the understanding that the Board of Trustees at the Home was to manage this State property, to accept endowment money, the earnings which are to be used for maintenance of the park without cost to the State. Over \$20,000 has already been given to this endowment fund.

The park is located directly south of the main avenue. A more beautiful location, with rolling knobs, shining lakes, winding drives, trees, shrubs, and flowers could never have been selected for a park. Before the landscaping was begun, this piece of land was most unkempt and unsightly. What could be more beautiful for the veterans and the women at the Home than this lovely acreage, which they may watch growing and blooming, reminder of the fact that the Daughters of Missouri are working to honor their Confederate veterans?

Immediately after the final designation, our State President put on a campaign in the Division to secure trees and shrubs for the park. That year there were sent to the park one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine pieces of shrubbery. I wish right here to compliment Superintendent Chambers and Mr. Hilliard Breuster, our landscape gardener, both of whom have given their time and labors to the Confederate Park of Missouri. Without them, this park could never have reached its present state of completion. Mr. Chambers, with his local farm labor working under the direction of Mr. Breuster, set out and cared for every tree, shrub, and plant that has been sent to the park by the Daughters and the friends of the institution, without one cent of cost to the Daughters.

During the first year of this program of improvement, hundreds of native trees were planted, and seven artificial lakes were made, which have since been taken over by the State Fish Department and stocked with fish. The largest of these lakes is stocked with bass and is used by the veterans for recreational fishing.

At the State convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held in October, 1925, the Division voted to adopt the work of the Confederate Memorial Park. In 1926 and 1927, under the direction of the Division President, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, three thousand six hundred and seven trees, shrubs, and plants were sent in the first year, and two thousand three hundred and nineteen—together with \$443.50—during the second, making a total of more than seven thousand three hundred trees and shrubs and flowers which the Daughters of Missouri have sent to the park during the first three years.

At the last State convention, held in October, 1927, the Division voted to put the park on a strong financial basis by voting a fifty cent per capita tax for five years. This amount, it was estimated, will cover the cost of completing the landscaping and the purchasing of all needed trees, shrubs, and flowers. Our President, Mrs. C. B. Faris, says that every dime will be in by October on this year's quota, permitting the work of tree and shrub planting and beautifying to go forward. By this new plan, the Division will have about \$1,100 to spend each year for five years on this project.

We Daughters in Missouri are very proud of the Confederate Home and of this beautiful park. Ours is the only Division which has sponsored such a memorial. We feel that as time goes on and this beautiful landscaped park, with its circling drives and shaded lanes, comes to its full maturity, it will express increasingly our love for these veterans and our reverence for the memory of those who have gone. A more fitting memorial could never have been planned, located

as this one is directly along the side of our beautifully kept Confederate Home and Cemetery.

Our Home is situated on No. 63 Highway, which runs the full length of the south side of the park and will very shortly be concreted. It is also just five miles from the world-famous No. 40 Highway across Missouri. As a member of the Missouri Division, I extend to every member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who crosses Missouri an invitation to stop and see our Confederate Home, and let the Missouri Division *show you*.

HEROES IN GRAY.

BY REV. W. W. PINSON, D.D.

From under the battle cloud, bearing their scars,
With escutcheons as fair as the radiant stars,
Shot-torn and saber-hacked heroes in gray,
Time-worn and war-weary, greet us to-day.
Let us press the scarred hands that grappled and fought
And honor forever the deeds that they wrought.

They paid their round price for the chaplet of fame,
Which they worthily wear without boasting or blame;
They fawn for no guerdon, they blush from no shame,
They grudged not the hunger, the hardship, the pain,
The ice in the trenches, the blood on the plain;
The ages will reckon the valorous cost
Of the glory they won in the struggle they lost.

When they folded the flag with a sob and a tear,
They turned to the homeland with courage and cheer,
To work without cringing—they'd fought without fear;
And there's light on the hearthstones and hope in the sky
Of the homes of the Southland that never shall die,
Because of the valor that wields without dread
The weapons of toil in the battle for bread.

With deeds to remember and wrongs to forget
They're dreaming of glory awaiting us yet
And helping to win it, as erst they have won
A glory as stainless and white as the sun.
Undismayed in life's battle, they scorn to repine;
At the drum tap of duty they fall into line.

Too brave for regretting, too noble for spite,
They wait the fair verdict of justice and right
That forever must win over malice and might,
And the meed of the brave from the hearts of the true
Unstinted they pay to their brothers in blue.
They live for the battle-scarred country they love,
And would die for the flag floating proudly above.
Then uncover and stand! They are passing, make way!
And lift a loud cheer for the heroes in gray!

THE LAST SLAVE SHIP.—Who knows anything of the last ship which brought its burden of human cargo to the shores of America? Comrade B. H. King, of Fort Meade, Fla., sent a short communication to the VETERAN some time ago to the effect that "the last slave ship to enter an American port was the Wanderer, and that her last port of entry was Savannah, Ga., in 1858, with a cargo of blacks from the coast of Africa. He says the Wanderer was built "down East," and that captain and crew "had the smell of codfish." That the Wanderer was a large schooner, built for speed, and carried a gun on her forward deck, and that with her large sails she could walk away from any ship of war. An interesting article could be written on this part of "the forgotten past," and the VETERAN would appreciate it.

MISSOURI TROOPS IN THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX., COMPANY A, 6TH MISSOURI INFANTRY.

In the spring of 1863, all those Missouri soldiers who had followed Price and Bowen across the Mississippi River, except the 2nd Cavalry, were consolidated into one division. This was made up of the 1st Cavalry, dismounted; the 1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Infantry regiments; and four 6-gun batteries, to wit: Wade's, Guibor's, Landis's, and Lowe's. The fighting strength of all was about 5,500 men. Two regiments of Mississippians were added and helped make up two brigades. Col. F. M. Cockrell was assigned to command one and Brig. Gen. Martin Green the other. Maj. Gen. John S. Bowen was given command of the division.

General Bowen had commanded the 1st Missouri Regiment the old State Guard, and was considered, and was, one of the ablest commanders in the department. At the time of this reorganization, the division was in cantonment at Jackson, Miss. Grant was already opening his campaign against Vicksburg. Defeated in his attempt from the Yazoo and the bayous, he was now preparing to send his army down the west side of the river, cross to the east side and attack from below. Grand Gulf was believed to be his objective, so, early in March, General Bowen was ordered to proceed to that point and fortify the bluffs overlooking the river there. This work was hardly put in shape when scouts posted at Hard Times, five miles above Grand Gulf, reported a fleet of gunboats and six transports coming down the river. This fleet anchored just above the bend, at Hard Times, to await the movements of the Federal army.

April 29 dawned, and Grant was ready. At 9:30 A.M. the Federal fleet opened on our batteries and kept up a steady fire until 4:30 P.M., when it retired to anchorage at Hard Times. When night fell, convoying a fleet of six transports, protected by cotton bales, the armored craft steamed down opposite our batteries and renewed the attack. Not a light was exposed on any gunboat or transport, and the fire of our batteries was directed at flashes of the Federal guns as they poured in their fire; or the sound of escaping steam. Some of our shots struck, but seemed to do no serious damage, for when day came, we saw them all anchored or tied up at Bruinsburg, ten miles below.

General Bowen, divining that Grant would immediately cross his army to the Mississippi side and advance on Port Gibson, ordered General Green to move out to meet him and hold him in check until he could make disposition for battle. From Grand Gulf, a road to Port Hudson passed about two miles west of Port Gibson. It was on a ridge traversed by this road that Bowen formed his line, composed of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Missouri and Tracy's Brigade. The Missourians held the left where the heaviest fighting was done. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground to the front, a distance of nearly a mile separated Bowen's two wings. The same distance separated Grant's two wings.

Green encountered the Federal advance at a little after one A.M., May 1. Owing to the weakness of his force, he could only carry on obstructive tactics, which he did with his usual tact and courage, but had little show against Grant's rapidly increasing numbers. Grant was fearful lest the garrisons of Port Hudson and Vicksburg might be hastening to Bowen's support and was anxious to destroy Bowen before aid could arrive. Directing McClernand to occupy the ridge on his left, he advanced the rest of his army against

Bowen's little group of less than 5,000 men. Bowen resisted gallantly, but soon realized that the battle would go against him. He then sent a courier to Grand Gulf, where the 2nd and 6th regiments were on guard, and called Colonel Erwin to his aid. The situation that confronted Bowen was this: To retreat, he must fall back to Port Gibson and cross his army and artillery train over one narrow suspension bridge, then cross another before he was safe. It would, therefore, be necessary to make a diversion by a sudden attack on Grant's left of such importance as to call a halt of Grant's advance, already under preparation.

Erwin was soon on the road, rejoiced at being summoned to action. The battle front was nearly nine miles away and the sun almost torrid in its heat. The regiment never went more eagerly to battle, and was on the ground in a little more than an hour. Arriving, we marched rapidly to the left in full view of a Federal brigade in line about four hundred yards away. This maneuver was to create the impression that Bowen was reinforcing his left wing. Then, falling back under cover of dense woods, we faced about and double quicked to the extreme right. Here we found a section of artillery slowly shelling the woods, and General Tracy's brigade in line, but idle. Erwin formed on Tracy's left, then moved forward to develop the enemy's position. He soon flushed a line of blue-coated men, ordered a charge, and drove them from the field. He then discovered a strong force on his left and, by a rapid change of front, prepared to attack that. In making this move, an unusual thing happened. The terrain was very uneven and covered with bamboo vines, underbrush, and briars. In crossing a small branch, the two wings of the regiment became separated. The right under Lieutenant Colonel Cooper had inclined to the left, the left, under Erwin, to the right. The result of this accident was that as each wing undertook to restore liason, they went farther apart.

The left wing, climbing a steep hill, found confronting it the 6th and 7th Missouri Federal Regiments, awaiting our topping the crest. Fortunately, their position was discovered, and we halted behind a natural parapet, from whence we could deliver effective fire, while well protected from theirs. But even this was too slow to suit our intrepid Colonel, and he made up his mind to charge. Before advancing, however, he wanted the coöperation of Tracy's brigade. Calling to me, he instructed me to convey his compliments to General Tracy, explain his intention, and request his support. After delivering this message to General Tracy, I was to go to the battery in our rear and ask its commander to cease firing when the movement commenced. I hurried to where Tracy had been, but was informed by one of our stretcher bearers that he had retreated some ten minutes before my arrival. I then went to look up the battery, now silent, and, upon reaching its former position, was informed it, too, had departed, by a staff officer who asked what I was doing there and what command I belonged to. Upon hearing my explanation, he said: "Why, Sergeant, your regiment has fallen back. I saw it down the road yonder in full retreat; not fifteen minutes ago." "Sir," said I, "you must be mistaken. That is my regiment over yonder still fighting." I cannot be mistaken," he said. "I distinctly remember your flag, the 6th Regiment of Missouri Infantry, and my advice to you is to get away from here, for this yard will be swarming with the enemy in ten minutes. Our whole army is falling back." He was so positive, I took his advice. Picking up what stragglers I could, I reached the bridge crossing the Bayou

Pierre. Stopping a moment to rest, and hearing a body of men in quick march I looked back and saw Colonel Erwin and what was left of his command coming down the road. When we got across the bridge, we found Lieutenant Colonel Cooper and the lost right wing. What had happened was this:

When I had started to look up Tracy, Lieutenant Capelle was directed to proceed to the right, locate Lieutenant Colonel Cooper, and bring him into alignment for coöperative action. Capelle didn't find Cooper, but did discover an active movement of Federals advancing to turn Erwin's right and take him in flank and rear. This situation was quickly explained to Erwin, who now realized that he was in immediate danger of being surrounded. To extricate his men, it was necessary to retreat, and to do that safely required strategy. Calling his company commanders about him, he explained his plan. He said: "When I give the command to charge, which I shall do in tones loud enough to be heard by the enemy, throw your men into column and take them to the rear. Captain Oldham, of Company A, will take the lead and pick his course." He gave the command, and while the enemy was waiting for the Confederates to come over the top of the hill they were scampering to the rear as fast as they could go. Debouching into an open field necessary to cross, attention was called to a line of Federals drawn up on a ridge, not a hundred yards away under whose fire the Confederates must pass. So, it was necessary to dispose of these. Erwin didn't hesitate. He ordered: "By the left flank, march!" This order threw the column into battle line and converted the movement into a charge. Dashing straight at the surprised enemy, yelling and firing as they went, they drove him off the ridge, then, facing about, reached the woods beyond the field with a loss of about thirty men. Erwin then proceeded to cross Bayou Pierre, and regain the army assembling there.

Clearly, Erwin's regiment had been played as a pawn of sacrifice and had saved the army from capture. When he made his attack on Grant's left, he threw such a scare into McClernand, that that officer hastened a courier to Grant stating he was being attacked by a superior force and his flank was in danger of being turned. Grant, just starting to push Bowen, halted the movement until he could take a measure of McClernand's peril, and this enabled Bowen to get across the bayou and burn the bridge. For his distinguished service that day Colonel Erwin was promoted to a brigadiership, but was killed before his commission was sent out of Richmond.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS OF A RAID UNDER STUART.

BY J. CHURCHILL COOKE, COMPANY G, 4TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which Burnside was badly beaten, that general retired and one Joe Hooker was put in command of the Army of the Potomac. He tried "On to Richmond" through the Wilderness, in Spottsylvania, and fought the battle of Chancellorsville, where he got badly whipped. Then one General Pope was put in command, and he made his boast that "his headquarters were in the saddle." That soon got to our ears, and so Gen. J. E. B. Stuart made up his mind to try to see if that was true. General Stuart found out that Pope's headquarters—that is his wagons and horses—were parked at a station called Catletts on the Gordonsville and Alexandria Railroad, about fourteen miles beyond the town of Warrenton in Fauquier County. We were camped at the time either in the upper part of Orange County or the lower part of Fauquier County. Early one

morning "boots and saddles" was sounded and we were soon on the march.

Our brigade was composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Virginia regiments. The 5th Regiment commander, Col. Tom Rosser, was in the lead, and the 4th Regiment, which was mine, came next, the others following in regular order. We marched all day, and late in the evening reached the town of Warrenton. My regiment halted just as we were going through Warrenton, and my company, the Hanover Troop, stopped just opposite a grocery store. A little old Jew (and I bless him to this day) came out, bearing two plates piled up, one with smoked dried herring and the other with apple pie. As he came by me, I made a grab with one hand and got a handful of fish, and with the other I got a handful of apple pie, I rammed the fish in my knapsack, but I put the pie in a much safer place. We were soon on the move, and just out of town we halted in an open field. It was getting very late; the sun was almost down. There was muttering of thunder in the west, and very soon a heavy cloud came up and the rain came pouring down. But we moved off and after marching a long while, orders came down the line for us to keep very quiet, so on we went with no sound but the splashing of the horses' feet in the mud and water. It was then pitch dark; one could hardly see the men and horses in front. For a while all was perfectly quiet, and then bedlam broke loose. Far to the front such a yelling and firing of guns and pistols. Orders came for my regiment to hasten to the front, and off we dashed in the dark, not knowing where we were going, nor did we care much, so that we got in the row. It was the 5th Regiment that had started the rumpus. They had gotten right in the middle of Pope's headquarters and caught the Yankees all asleep. When we got up, most of the fun was over, but as much as I hated the enemy, I could but feel sorry to see those poor, half-clad people running about, only to be cut down or shot down as they tried to escape.

My company was at the head of the regiment on the march, and we halted near General Stuart. Just then Colonel Rosser rode up and said to General Stuart: "General, I have been giving them hell." General Stuart ordered Capt. W. B. Newton, of my company, to take four men and cut the telegraph wire. Captain Newton ordered the first set of fours to follow him, and I was one of the four. Going to the railroad not very far off, we fell in with several men from the Gloucester company. They had in the *mélee* gotten separated from their company, which belonged to Rosser's Regiment. They went with us to the railroad, which we struck at a high embankment. All this was being done in black darkness, but the flashes of lightning were very vivid. By crawling up to the top of the railroad embankment, we could see, by the lightning, a line of Yankee infantry drawn up with guns ready, not five hundred yards off. Captain Newton would never order one of his men to do what seemed to be certain death, but would call for volunteers; so he called for some one to climb a telegraph pole and cut the wire. There was some hesitation, but soon one of the Gloucester men with us jumped off his horse, and said, "I will go," with the remark that "Gloucester had never backed down yet." So up he went, and was at the top of the pole trying to cut the wire, which was an impossible thing to do with a dull saber, when there came a very vivid flash of lightning. The Yankees, seeing him, fired a volley right across where we were. The little fellow came down with a thump, and we made sure he was hit but he rolled down the embankment and jumped up saying: "I am all right." We then went back to the company and by that time things had quieted down.

We had gotten right in the middle of Pope's headquarters, wagons, and tents. Some of Colonel Rosser's men had set a number of wagons on fire, which lit up the whole country. I got permission to go where these wagons were burning to see if I could get some plunder. The wagons were all loaded, with two fine horses tied behind, ready to start out the next morning. I passed one where a North Carolina soldier was trying to get the cork out of a bottle. I made some remark to him, and when he said, "I can't get the d— cork out," I suggested that he strike the neck on the wagon wheel, which he did, and the contents of the bottle flew all over him. He dropped the bottle as if it was hot. I said to him: "You are the biggest fool I ever saw. That is the best drink you ever tasted." It was champagne. He said, "There is plenty more in here," and handed me out a bottle, which I took and went on. I found a wagon with two fine horses tied behind. I selected the best looking one and changed my saddle from my horse; but I had no idea of losing my regular riding horse, so I tied the halter strap to a ring in my saddle so as to lead him out. Then I climbed up on the top of the wagon and, with my pocketknife, cut a slit in the canvas cover about a yard long, and there was a large trunk. By hard work I threw it down and when it fell it struck the wheel, and broke open. I got down to see what was in it. It was the trunk of an officer of high rank. I pulled out handsome uniform coats, pants, old army cockade hats, etc. All of these I threw aside, for I wanted nothing blue. Then I came across the underwear, the finest I ever saw. As fast as I gathered up two or three, I tied them to my saddle. I was rich. I had plenty of dry goods to last for many a long time, but, being greedy, I kept digging in that trunk and at last I found my "evil genius," a very handsome flask about half full of what looked like "whisky." To be sure what it was I sampled it, and it was fine old stuff.

I forgot to mention one very elegant article I found, a splendid pair of field glasses in a case with strap. I put the strap around my neck. I thought I had enough, so mounted my new horse and started back to join my company. I hadn't gone far when some one called me, and it was Lieutenant Wingfield, of my company. He was standing over a ten-gallon runlet of whisky, from which he had knocked the head, and he asked if I wanted some. I answered in the affirmative and took out the flask I had found, unscrewed the top and handed it to him, which he filled and handed back.

I was sitting on my horse, with the reins hanging loose, and was in the act of screwing the top on the flask when the Yankees came up under cover of the darkness and poured a volley right into us. My old Yankee horse made one jump and over a wagon pole he went. The halter strap to my lead horse broke, and the horse I was on ran away right into some thick bushes and trees and everything that could scratch and tear, and for a long time I couldn't gather up my reins. While he was ripping and tearing through the bushes, one stirrup leather broke and I came very near going off, but finally the horse stopped. All this was in the pitch dark. I had no idea where I was. I thought to take an inventory of my plunder to see what I had left, and there was absolutely nothing left on my saddle. The bushes had swept me clean. The field glasses around my neck were all that was left of my great riches, but I was thankful to be alive. While trying to locate myself, I heard somebody moaning and groaning as if in a pit or well. I called to know who was there, and a pitiful voice came back that it was Harvey Finny, and he begged me to help him. Finny belonged to the Powhatan Troop, which was in our regiment. By that time daybreak was just coming on and I could see a little. This horse had

stopped just on the brink of a deep gully, and Finny's horse had thrown him into it. I tied my old Rip and slid down to where Finny was. Poor fellow, he was flat down in the mud and couldn't move. I got him up by hard work on level land, put him on my horse and carried him back some distance. Soon the cavalry command was coming by and when his company came along I turned him over to them. The men told me my horse which I had lost was in the 6th Regiment and that Captain Rosser had him. I was delighted to know that and made up my mind to get him back. It was some time the next day, or later, that my regiment and the 6th were camped close together. I went to look for my horse and soon found him, but I had to do some hard begging to persuade Captain Rosser to give him up. Finally he agreed to if I would bring the Yankee horse I had captured. But when I got back to my company I found that all captured horses had been turned over to the quartermaster.

We captured between three and four hundred prisoners, among them a woman soldier, dressed just like the men. We brought off all the wagons not destroyed and a number of fine horses.

[Contributed through Mrs. A. F. Hargrave, Historian U. D. C., West Point, Va.]

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH

In renewing his subscription, James W. Hiscocks, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes:

"Let me quote something which I recently read and which seems to me to be a good message to the people of the South, especially those who think 'bygones should be bygones' and that it is improper as well as useless to try to correct errors in history.

"In the much-discussed book, 'Mother India,' by Katherine Mayo, I found the following: 'With one of those low-cast men, become rich, respected, and politically powerful, I sat in private conference, in the city of Madras. A little, vivacious person he was, full of heat and free of tongue. "Will you draw me a picture of a Brahmin?" I asked. He answered—and these are his actual words, written down at the moment: "Once upon a time, when all men lived according to their choice, the Brahmin was the only fellow who applied himself to learning. Then, having become learned, and being by nature subtle minded, he secretly laid hold upon the sacred books and secretly wrote into those books false texts that declared him, the Brahmin, to be lord over all people. Ages passed, and gradually, because the Brahmin only could read and because he gave out his false texts that forbade learning to others, the people grew to believe him the earthly god he called himself and to obey him accordingly."'

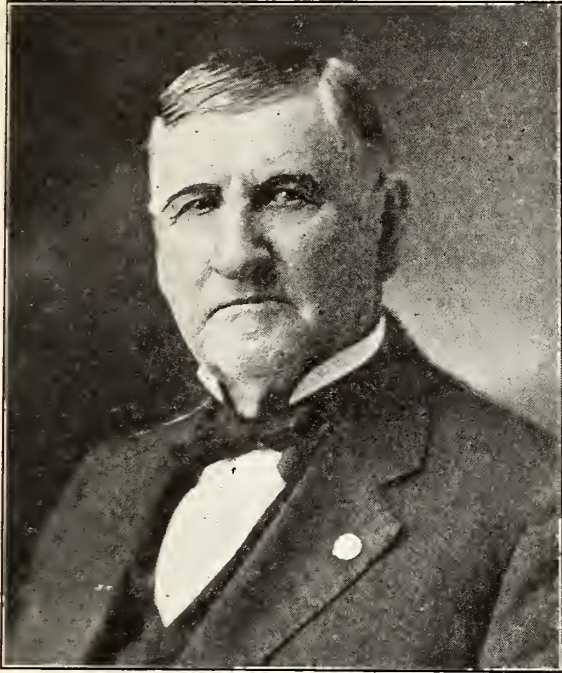
"Now, to show the application of the lesson:

"Once upon a time, when the War between the States was over, the New England Yankee was the only fellow who applied himself to history writing. Then, having undertaken the task of writing the history of the then recent war, and being by nature subtle-minded, he secretly wrote into those books false texts that declared him, the New England Yankee, to be lord over all the people of the country. Years passed, and gradually, because the New England Yankee only wrote history, and because he gave out his false texts that forbade the teaching of the truth to others, the people of the South as well as the North grew to believe him the earthly god he called himself and to obey him accordingly.

"Hoping that the next year will be a banner year for the VETERAN, and for the advancement of the truth of Confederate history, I am——."

COMRADES OF WAR DAYS.

Thirty years had elapsed since their previous meeting when chance brought together again Col. Nathan Deatherage, of Richmond, Ky., and his old comrade in arms, John Fox,



COL. N. B. DEATHERAGE

who lives at Marion, Kans., where the meeting took place. They are two of the only four survivors of their company, and it was sixty-six years ago that they joined a Kentucky company together and served under John H. Morgan.

"Uncle" John Fox, as he is known to hundreds of friends at Marion, is now past ninety-two years of age, and Colonel Deatherage is eighty-four, though his picture here does not so indicate. He is Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., and also one of the trustees of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley.

Writing of their experiences in war, Colonel Deatherage says: "We joined the Confederate army at Richmond, Ky., and were under Colonel Chenault in the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. We started on that famous raid from Tennessee about July 1, 1863, through Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, about a thousand-mile ride. My colonel was killed July 4, 1863, and also my captain, Alex Tribble, and several of my company and regiment at Green River Bridge, near Columbia, Ky.

"Comrade Fox was not on the noted Morgan raid, he having been made manager of the wagon train. We had fights nearly every day, one at Lebanon, Ky.; crossed the Ohio River at Brandenburg. We rode night and day, and never dreamed once that Morgan would be captured. We were ahead of the Yankees and thought we could ride faster than they could. Most of the command was captured at Buffington Island, Ohio, but I was captured at Cheshire, Ohio. We were first sent to Columbus, Ohio, and then to Camp Douglas, about the 20th of August, 1863, and we were kept on about as little food the last year as men could live on,

and when we started on our journey for exchange, heaven will not be any sweeter to me than the day we left prison. We went through Grant's army on the Potomac River, and saw what looked like 50,000 blue coats. The Yankees looked fat and their horses were fat; and when we crossed over into the Confederate lines, the few soldiers we saw were thin in flesh, their clothes worn out, their horses thin. We landed at Richmond, Va., on March 2, 1865, and I saw more men on the streets of that city than I saw in the army, their heads and arms and legs all wrapped up, all disabled.

"The war did not last long after we got to Richmond, as General Lee surrendered on the 9th of April. When the soldiers started home in every direction, it was sad to meet them. No one knew what would be his fate after he got home. I had not seen Fox for twenty months, but we came together at Mount Sterling, Ky. He was riding, and he never let me ride one step. I got used to walking and could keep ahead of the cavalry, about 750 old soldiers in the gang. The day after we got to Mount Sterling, we were put on horses bareback, and about one hundred and fifty men who had been in prison were sent to Lexington, guarded by a company of negroes, and then discharged. We got to Lexington about the 1st of May, 1865, and that ended the last day of our service for the Confederacy.

"Now I am hale and hearty at the age of eighty-four, and do all I want to do in the way of farming; have been to thirty-five of the thirty-eight reunions of the U. C. V., and don't want to miss one in the future."

An interesting article appeared in the *Marion (Kans.) Review* in regard to the meeting of these comrades after thirty years' separation, and there were many questions passing between them and many reminiscences of war service retold. "Uncle John's" hearing is not so good as it once was, but his memory is remarkable as to incidents, places, and dates of war happenings. Needless to say that this meeting will be a fond memory for each of them.

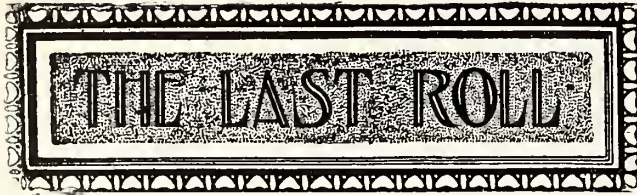
WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL.

BY ALBERT SPEIDEN, MANASSAS, VA.

'Mid the hills of old Virginia,
Off from the beaten way,
Is a spot to the memory dear
Of the wearers of the gray.
'Twas there on that fateful evening,
After a day of shot and shell,
The South received a mortal blow
When Stonewall Jackson fell.

The sun seemed to reach its zenith,
On the dear old Southern Cause;
Though in splendor it had risen,
Now its ascent seemed to pause.
Clouds arose and hovered near,
And forebodings dark did dwell
'Round the spot that fateful night
Where Stonewall Jackson fell.

More than threescore years have passed
While the full moon overhead
Sheds the same effulgent light as in those times
As when Jackson his troopers led.
The pine trees swaying in the breeze
Still a solemn requiem swell
O'er that sacred, hallowed spot
Where Stonewall Jackson fell.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"Only a little while of walking with weary feet
Patiently over the thorny way, that leads to the golden
street.
Suffer if God shall will, and work for him while you may,
Calvary's cross to Zion's crown, is only a little way.
Only a little while for toiling, only a few short days
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest, Eternity's endless
praise!"

P. L. LANKFORD.

Peter L. Lankford, pioneer settler of Lauderdale County, Tenn., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. A. Loyd, near Henning, on June 19, at the age of ninety years. He was born April 11, 1838, near Brownsville, in Haywood County, the son of J. D. and Patty Lankford. "Uncle Peter," as he was known, was loved wherever known. He was a son of the Old South, and no truer son ever gave allegiance to section, State, and county. He was a gentleman and scholar, an honorable, sincere man, his life dedicated to the principles which stood for the best in manhood.

Enlisting at the beginning of the War between the States, Peter Lankford served with Company K, 9th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee, under Forrest and Joe Johnston, throughout the war, an honorable and valiant soldier of the Confederacy. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh. The war over, he returned to his home and had been active in the progress of his community, his county, and State ever since. While in his teens, Lauderdale County had become his home and there he became one of the most prominent citizens of the county, ever devoted to its interests and advancement.

In December, 1865, he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Thun, who died in 1907. To them were born a son and seven daughters, and five daughters survive him, with a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

"Uncle Peter" was converted early in youth and joined the Baptist Church, and was active in its work until his death. He will be remembered as a quiet, unassuming, Christian gentleman, and his going was widely felt. Henning and Lauderdale County will miss this noble character, his kindly words and gentle deeds.

GEORGE W. HARPER.

George Washington Harper, one of the substantial and most highly respected citizens of his community, died at his home in Pendleton County, W. Va., on May 9, after a short illness. He was one of the few veterans of the Confederacy remaining in that county, having served with Company C, 62nd Virginia Regiment, and he was noted for his bravery and strict adherence to duty during his service and for his patriotism and good citizenship thereafter. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Anna Whitecotton, and by one son and a daughter.

[W. C. Hart, Elkins, W. Va.]

M. C. TRIBBLE.

Moses Collins Tribble, a highly respected Confederate veteran, affectionately known as "Uncle Mose," died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. G. C. Jordan at Scobey, Miss., on April 2, 1928. He was born near Grenada, Miss., and spent his youthful days on the farm, going to school all he could. He enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy in 1863 at Grenada, Miss., serving with Company D, 1st Mississippi Battalion, Featherston's Brigade. He was slightly wounded at Nashville, Tenn., and was sent to hospital at Grenada, Miss., but soon returned to service, and was later in a good many skirmishes and battles, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. Returning to his home in Yalobusha County, Miss., he engaged in farming, and so continued until his health failed about a year ago. His greatest pleasures were in meeting his Confederate comrades, and he seldom missed a reunion, until his health failed. He enjoyed every page of the VETERAN.

He was married to Miss Mary Hester White in May, 1878; she died in 1890. To them were born three sons and two daughters, all surviving him.

He had been a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church since young manhood, a leader in devotional and song services, and served as Church clerk for a number of years. As husband and father, he was true and devoted, kind and considerate.

It just seems as though he has gone to a reunion, and we are awaiting his return. His memory lives with us.

[Mrs. L. C. Field.]

JOHN WESLEY DEATON.

John Wesley Deaton was born near Raleigh, N. C., February 24, 1839. Fifty-seven years ago he was married to Miss Mary Tedford at Sulphur Springs, Tex. He died at Enid, Okla., May 9, 1928 and was buried at Sentinel by the side of his wife, who passed away four years ago.

He served the Confederate army with Moland's Battalion at Iuka, Miss., and was later attached to Gen. N. B. Forrest's brigade, and was in Company I, of an Alabama regiment, serving in all four years.

He was a man of the old school and possessed that courtly manner which has been the distinction of Southern civilization. He leaves a career of duty performed to God and country, a high example of splendid citizenship, imbued with intense patriotism and devotion to the best interests of his State and reunited country. He was a loyal Confederate, loving the "old boys," as he called them, and holding in sacred remembrance "the storm-cradled nation that fell."

The summons came suddenly, was merged into death so gently, and the transition into that "blessed sleep from which none ever wake to weep" was very peaceful.

For this Confederate veteran we break the alabaster box of our affection, and in its fragrance embalm his memory.

[Mrs. J. W. Maring, Past President George Edward Pickett Chapter, U. D. C., Enid, Okla.]

J. B. HINDS.

J. B. Hinds, generally known as "Grandpa Hinds" by his friends in Chickasha, Okla., died in that city on May 28. He was born in Wayne County, Ky., November, 1837. He served the Confederacy as a member of a cavalry company (unknown) of the State; was captured near Springfield, Mo., in 1863. He was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery at Chickasha, survived by his wife, three sons, and three daughters.

[J. S. Downs, Chickasha.]

CHARLES M. MILLER.

Charles McIvaine Miller died at his home in Keyser, W. Va., June 4, 1928, in the eighty-third year of his age.

He was born near Goochland Courthouse, Va., December 31, 1845, the son of Narcissus W. and Kitty Anderson Miller. Having the good fortune to be born in a family of whose ancestry he could justly be proud, he was reared in an atmosphere of culture and hospitality characteristic of that type of old Virginians.

In the eighteenth year of his age, November, 1863, just after the Gettysburg campaign, Charles Miller, after obtaining his father's consent, took up arms in defense of his native soil, joining the 2nd Company of Richmond Howitzers, 1st Regiment of Virginia Artillery, 2nd Corps, A. N. V. He participated in all the battles of the campaign of 1864; in front of General Grant from the Wilderness to Richmond, with General Early in the late summer and fall in the Valley of Virginia, and back again to the breastworks between Richmond and Petersburg in the retreat of the army in the closing scenes of 1865. In the bloody battle of Sailor's Creek, close to Appomattox, the 2nd Howitzers went in with one hundred members and in less than two hours, by capture, wounds, and death, their number was reduced to forty-four. Of this number surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox was Charles Miller. It is worthy of note that this young man should have passed through all these battles and surrendered without even a slight wound.

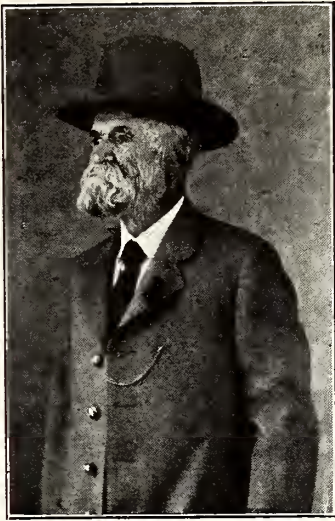
On the battle field of Cold Harbor, he was baptized from a rusty tin cup by Rev. William Page, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and afterwards was confirmed by the late Bishop Johns of Virginia, at Goochland Courthouse.

At the close of the war he began and never ceased his diligent study of every phase of that bloody conflict from events leading to the rise of the Confederacy to its downfall. From his intensive study evolved many articles to newspapers and magazines by "Rellim," that were widely read as coming from one of authority.

After the war he lived in Virginia and was one year in Houston County, Ga., and in that time studied in Taylor's Creek Academy, conducted by Dr. Charles Morris.

In 1873 he went to Scranton, Md., as personal representative of Gen. Joseph R. Anderson to survey and sell his estate of fifty thousand acres of land in Garrett County. In June, 1875, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Lansdale, in Baltimore, Md., and they resided in Scranton until removing to Keyser, W. Va., in the fall of 1911. To them were born six daughters, five of whom survive him. His wife died in 1920.

Comrade Miller was a member of the vestry of St. Matthews Church, Oakland, Md., for a period of thirty-eight years, holding in that time perhaps every office accorded a vestryman, and he served with the faithfulness and love of a real Churchman.



CHARLES M. MILLER

In the churchyard of his beloved St. Matthews Church he lies awaiting the resurrection, and, as he has said of loved friends gone before, so it may be said of him:

"Father, in thy gracious keeping,
Leave me now thy servant sleeping."

COMRADES OF WEST TENNESSEE.

Capt. P. P. Pullen, of Paris, Tenn., reports the loss to Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of that place, in the passing of several comrades during late months. Of these was T. M. Vaughn, who served with Company A, 46th Tennessee Regiment. He lived near Buchanan, Tenn., with his children, of whom he had five sons and two daughters, his wife dying some years ago.

John James Bowles, born in Henry County, Tenn., January 15, 1841, died at the home of his son near Elkhorn on April 21, survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, serving under Forrest and taking part in many notable engagements of that famous command. When the war closed, he returned to his native county, married, and reared a splendid family; he was a successful farmer and good citizen.

BENJAMIN E. JOBE.

The final roll was called for Benjamin Evans Jobe, aged ninety-one on June 11, at Galveston, Tex., and he was laid to rest by the side of his companion of sixty-two years, in Maplewood Cemetery at Paris, Tenn.

Benjamin Evans Jobe was the son of Elihu and Mary Smith Jobe, pioneers from North Carolina, who settled in Rutherford County, Tenn., early in the last century, where Comrade Jobe was born on the 24th day of November, 1837. He was reared on a farm, but was engaged in mercantile business in Murfreesboro during the exciting presidential campaign of 1860. Being an Old Line Whig, he cast his first vote for Bell and Everett. Their platform was "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws." But after Tennessee withdrew from the Union he cast his lot with his beloved State, enlisting in May, 1861, in Company C, 18th Tennessee Infantry, with Col. J. B. Palmer, afterwards brigadier general. His first battle was Fort Donelson, which was surrendered by General Buckner. He was carried North to a military prison, from which he escaped, made his way South, and joined Wheeler's cavalry just in time to be in Bragg's advance into Kentucky, and was at the battle of Perryville. His command covered Bragg's retreat from Kentucky. He took part in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and all important engagements with Wheeler's cavalry.

His older brother, L. A. Jobe, served in the 14th Mississippi. His younger brother, Dee Jobe, served in the 20th Tennessee and was executed by the Federals as a spy.

FRANK M. WARREN.

Frank M. Warren was born in Edgefield County, S. C., June 21, 1843, and died on May 16, 1928, at his home in Johnston, S. C. On April 1, 1861, he left school and enlisted in Company B, Hampton's Legion. His company was first commanded by Captain—afterwards General—M. W. Gary, as infantry, but was mounted later and served as cavalry until the war ended. Early on the morning of April 9, 1865, he was captured while on picket duty and imprisoned at Farmville, Va. His horse and equipment were taken from him, and after being paroled, he made his way home on foot. On March 20, 1870, he married Miss Huldah Tompkins, who survives him.

DR. OLIN WEAKLEY.

Dr. Olin Weakley, beloved physician of Davidson County, Tenn., died at a Nashville hospital on July 14, after an illness of several years.

Dr. Weakley was a member of an old and prominent Tennessee family, the son of Dr. B. F. and Mary E. Weakley, born in Williamson County on July 1, 1843. When he was four years old the family moved to Davidson County, where Dr. Weakley lived until his death.

Dr. Weakley enlisted in the cause of the South at the age of eighteen and saw active and valorous service throughout the war. He joined the company of Gen. George Maney, which was composed of young men of East Nashville and its adjoining communities.

Soon after enlistment, he was sent to Virginia, where he saw services in the first battle of Manassas. Later he was on the staff of Gen. William B. Bate, and took part in nearly all the engagements of the war, including the battles of Chickamauga, Nashville, and Franklin. He surrendered with his company in South Carolina.

Returning home after the war, young Weakley took up the study of medicine and graduated from the University of Nashville. His many years as a practicing physician endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

In November, 1871, Dr. Weakley married Miss Lunette Pennington, who survives him. Shortly after marriage they moved to the farm in Pennington Bend, where they lived for more than fifty years. He was a member and official of the Methodist Church for more than fifty years and took active interest in affairs of his Church and had great pride in his remarkable attendance record.

Dr. Weakley was always a strong Democrat and kept himself well informed on all political affairs. He never failed to attend an election. For a number of years he was a member of the county board of education.

Dr. Weakley is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters, also three grandchildren, three brothers and a sister

R. M. CHEEK.

Tom Green Camp, No. 72, U. C. V., of Abilene, Tex., has sustained another sad loss in the death, on June 12, of Comrade R. M. Cheek, a faithful and devoted member. He became ill on the return trip from the reunion at Little Rock last May, and was taken from the special train at Fort Worth by his nephew, Fred Clark, and two weeks later his daughter took him home to Abilene, where loving hands and hearts ministered to his wants until death claimed him. His body was taken to Weatherford, his old home, and laid beside that of his wife, who had preceded him in death but a few months.

Comrade Cheek was born in Union County, Miss., July 18, 1847, and was thus eighty-one years old. At the age of fourteen, he ran away from home to join the Confederate army. His father had already gone to the front, and he opposed the enlistment of his son and told him to return home. But the boy only joined another command, Company B, 7th Texas Cavalry, and served through the war gallantly, taking part in many battles. He was an ardent and enthusiastic Confederate veteran, and attended all the reunions except that at Tampa. The U. D. C. of Weatherford presented him with the Confederate Cross of Honor, which he wore with pride and cherished as a treasure.

Surviving Comrade Cheek are five sons, three daughters, fourteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

[R. A. Miller, Commander; J. J. Robertson, Adjutant.]

JAMES AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

James Augustus Harris was born in Russell County, Ala., December 27, 1846, and when about sixteen years of age he enlisted in the 17th Alabama Infantry Regiment, serving with this regiment three years and six months. He was then transferred to the Signal Corps, Pinto Battery, in Mobile Bay near Pensacola, Fla., and after a year of service here he rejoined his old command, General Shelley commanding, and served until the surrender in Virginia. His early manhood was spent in Alabama, coming to California in 1903 and finally locating in San Diego, where he died, April 27, 1928. Surviving him are his wife, a daughter, and two grandsons, all of San Diego.

Thus has passed on a noble, simple soul, knowing only the kindly smile, the friendly word that has made this world the sweeter for his having lived in it. His greatest satisfaction was found in really living the maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," taking his reward not in the material return, but in the love and loyalty of his fellow man and in the peace that comes with that last "Well done."

We made him a floral pillow, the old battle flag of the Confederacy, and we covered him over with the Stars and Bars; and so he rests 'neath the flags he served so loyally.

Sleep on, gentle spirit,
Sweet rest through the night;
Peacefully sleep till the Dawn
Wakes the world with its light.

[Contributed by Maude Ann Marker, of the Maj. Hugh G. Given Chapter, U. D. C., San Diego, Calif.]

MILES ANDERSON CORNELIUS.

After a long and useful life, Rev. Miles A. Cornelius died on July 6, 1928, at his home in Dallas, Tex. He was born in Alabama, in 1846,, and had just about completed eighty-two years of mortal life.

He enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was assigned to Company G, 12th Alabama Cavalry under Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and served two years.

A few weeks before his death he wrote a complete list of his company from memory.

After the war he taught school in Alabama, and also served one year as county superintendent of Etowah County. He served two terms in the legislature from Cherokee County.

Ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1872, from that time he was active in pastoral and missionary work until three years ago when his health failed.

In 1902 the family moved from Cherokee County, Ala., to Mont Calm, Tex., and where he resided for twenty-five years. For the past few months, he had made his home in Dallas.

Surviving are his wife and eight children.

ISAAC N. TOBIAS.

Isaac N. Tobias died at his home near Manning, S. C., on May 23, 1928, in his eighty-sixth year, survived by his wife and four daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

In 1861, he went into the Confederate army as a volunteer, serving with Company I, 23rd South Carolina, and was later transferred to Company K, 6th South Carolina Regiment. In his service he took part in many hard engagements, but came through without a wound; he was one of those at the last with General Lee. He was the youngest of six brothers,

all of whom served in the war, one of whom was killed, another died, but four returned home and helped to rebuild their beloved South; he was the last to go and had lived a very active life until about two years ago, when his health began to fail.

Comrade Tobias served as coroner for Clarendon County for twelve years. He was a subscriber to the *VETERAN* and enjoyed reading it as long as he could read anything.

B. L. STEVENS.

B. L. Stevens, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Boykins, Va., died on June 8, in the eighty-fifth year of his age after an illness of a few days, though in failing health for years.

At the age of eighteen he joined the service of the Confederacy at the very outbreak of the war and remained in its ranks until Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox. Then he walked the entire distance back to Southampton, to take up his duties where he had left them when called to arms. He enlisted in Capt. John Beaton's company, Mahone's Brigade, Anderson's Division, and fought in the battle of the Crater, in the Wilderness, and was at Appomattox at the end.

His wife, who was Miss Lurany Cox, of Whitehead's Church, survives him. They had been married sixty years. Seven children were born to them, two sons and two daughters surviving, with twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Through their long life together, Comrade Stevens and his wife were members of the Boykins Baptist Church, and he was one of the few surviving members of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, U. C. V., of this county.

Funeral services were held at Beechwood Cemetery, where he was laid to rest.

J. S. RHOADS.

J. S. Rhoads, born in Jasper County, Miss., December 11, 1841, died at the home of his son near Hardesty, Okla., on the night of June 5, aged eighty-seven years. His illness had continued over a year. He was a pioneer of Texas County, Okla., and a member of Camp Metcalfe, U. C. V., of Guymon. He was a volunteer of 1861, serving with Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Lowry's Division, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under Joseph E. Johnston.

In 1865, Comrade Rhoads was married to Miss Elizabeth Sanders, and of their eight children, seven survive him—four sons and three daughters. Soon after the war, he went to Texas, living in different parts of the State, and for seventeen years he served as deputy sheriff of Comanche County. Later he went to the Indian Territory, finally locating in what has since become Texas County, Okla., where he made his permanent home.

After funeral services from the Methodist Church the burial was conducted by the Guymon Lodge of Odd Fellows in the cemetery at Hartville. He was a man of decided strength of character, loved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

ANDREW J. LINDAMOOD.

Andrew Jefferson Lindamood, Commander of the William Terry Camp, U. C. V., of Wytheville, Va., died there on January 13, 1928, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born November 27, 1845, and enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1864, at Bull's Gap, Tenn., and was then in

service to the end of the war. He served with Company C, 51st Virginia Infantry, Wharton's Brigade, and participated in several battles, the first of which was at New Market, in May, 1864. From New Market, the command was ordered to Richmond, Va., for thirteen days, and then sent back to Blue Ridge, from there to Lynchburg, and then to Salem, into Maryland and to near Washington, D. C. He was wounded on July 24, 1864, and was at home until the following November, then went into winter quarters until March, 1865. The entire command was captured on the 12th of March, and placed in prison, where they were held until the 15th of June, 1865, when the oath was administered and he was allowed to go free. His life since the war had been that of a constructive citizen.

WILLIAM E. SPAIN.

William Emmett Spain, son of the late James and Mary Butler Spain, was born in Petersburg, Va., November 22, 1847, but had lived a number of years in Southampton County, near the Sussex line, at the time of his death, which occurred recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. A. Summons. Fifty-seven years ago he was married to Miss Rebecca Hill, of Emporia, Va., who died in 1916, and to this union were born nine children, five of whom are living—three daughters and two sons, with twenty-seven grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, one brother. R. T. Spain, of Littleton, Va., is also left.

In the War between the States Comrade Spain fought under Com. Bob Chamberlain, Richmond; First Lieutenant Fitzhugh, Fredericksburg; McIntosh Battalion, 1st Army Corps, Col. W. W. Owen, serving four years from the time of his enlistment. He was a member of Urquhart-Gillette Camp, Franklin, Va. This community has now but three veterans of the Confederate army—E. R. Reese, Sr., John I. Turner, W. R. L. Cobb, Sr.

Funeral services were held from the home, with burial in the family plot at Oak Grove M. E. Church, of which Church he was a faithful member.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

BY MRS. T. J. WILSON, TYLER, TEX.

Should Southern soldiers be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should Southern soldiers be forgot
In days of Auld Lang Syne?

For Auld Lang Syne we meet,
For Auld Lang Syne,
To crown each grave with roses,
For Auld Lang Syne.

They sleep their last long sleep to-day
In the land they loved so well,
And of their deeds of valor great
We should to others tell.

We'll shed a tear for those we loved,
The boys who wore the gray,
And hope to meet them all again
Where there's one eternal day.

ALWAYS HELPFUL.—The following comes from Mrs. Newt Reynolds, of Millen, Ga., who says: "Our Chapter subscribes to the *VETERAN*, and we find it a great help in our work, especially so since some of the U. D. C. program material is published each month."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
186 Bethlehem Pike

MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*

MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The delegates who were in Charleston on the Sunday preceding the opening of the convention last November enjoyed the very great privilege of having part in the inspiring services conducted at St. Philip's Church by the Bishop of South Carolina. To these members of our organization the tidings of the death of Bishop Guerry must have recalled those services, and we can but feel a strong personal loss in his passing. For the poor, demented man who ended his own life immediately after fatally wounding the Bishop, our thought should be to echo the Bishop's words: "Forgive him; he knew not what he did." Greater faith hath no man than this.

* * *

The *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., on May 29, 1928, contained the following item: "Officials of the War Department are in a quandary over the execution of an Act of Congress, approved May 15, 1928, directing the Secretary of War 'to provide for the removal of the Confederate monument and tablets, erected by the United States, from Greenlawn Cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind., to Garfield Park, Indianapolis, and appropriating \$3,000 for that purpose.' The Act of Congress providing for the removal of the structure makes no reference to the graves, and War Department officials question their authority to reinter the bodies of the soldiers in Garfield Park, or to disturb the graves in any way under the terms of the Act."

Our attention was called to this very serious situation by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, who is ever on the alert in the interest of the Confederate veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Letters were written immediately to Senator Claude A. Swanson and to Col. U. S. Grant, of the War Department, and their replies follow:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19.

"Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, President General, U. D. C.

"My Dear Mrs. Merchant: I am just in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of War, in which he states, as follows: 'This Act makes no provision for the removal of the bodies of the soldiers. The monument for which removal is provided by the bill marks the burial place of 1,616 Confederate soldiers and twenty-two citizens who died while confined in the Federal prison at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind. The remains of these soldiers were originally buried in a section of the Greenlawn Cemetery in which the United States did not possess title to the ground occupied by the graves, and it was necessary to remove them to the present Confederate section of the cemetery which is owned by the United States. Due to the method in which they were buried and the fact

that their remains had to be removed to a new location, it was found utterly impossible to identify the individual graves in the new section. Six bronze tablets were, therefore, placed upon the monument showing the names and commands of the 1,616 Confederate soldiers reported as having died at Camp Morton.

"I assure you it is a pleasure to secure this information for you and to serve you whenever I can.

"Very sincerely yours, CLAUDE A. SWANSON."

Our letter to Colonel Grant was referred to the office of the Quartermaster General for reply, and under date of June 27, Gen. B. F. Cheatham gives the identical information contained in the letter of Senator Swanson, and adds: "Steps are being taken to remove the monument as required by the Act of Congress referred to, but the remains will not be disturbed in making the removal."

I deeply appreciate the interest of these gentlemen, distinguished in the service rendered their country, one in the halls of Congress, the other on the field of battle, both worthy sons of Confederate soldiers.

* * *

Your attention is earnestly directed to a circular recently issued by the Third Vice President General in the interest of the Father Ryan Memorial. Mrs. Burney gives a list of the pledges made for this purpose at the Charleston convention, and announces that the cost of the window, the legend, and all expenses incident to the unveiling will be approximately \$850. If the pledges are paid and the Children's Chapters donate the small amount requested of them, the window can be unveiled before the next convention and all payments in connection with it made. Mrs. Burney asks the hearty co-operation of the Division Directors and of each C. of C. Chapter, that the work may be carried to early completion.

* * *

A letter occasionally comes from Chapters using the Dixie film. Mrs. Isley, President of the Chapter at Snow Hill, N. C., writes enthusiastically of the picture, saying that "it would be a fine thing if every U. D. C. Chapter could show it to the people as an educational project." Information may be secured from Yale University Press Film Service, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

A very greatly appreciated invitation was received from the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities to attend the exercises incident upon the unveiling of a tablet at Blackwell, London, June 30, 1928.

This tablet is placed in, or near, the spot where, on December 19, 1606, the "adventurers" sailed in three goodly

ships, the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery, for the voyage resulting in the establishment of the first permanent English settlement in America. The recognition of this historical fact is a great achievement for the splendid women who have been working for years for the acknowledgment of this priority. It affects not only those of Southern birth, but every lover of the establishment of historic truth. When the authorities in England were first approached for permission to place the tablet commemorating the beginning of the United States, the representatives of the A. P. V. A. were told that there were no such ships, and that the Mayflower carried the first permanent English colony to America!

Lady Nancy Langhorne Astor, a member of the A. P. V. A. and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, also a native of the county which is my home, was requested to represent the President General at the unveiling of the tablet.

* * *

Those who contributed to the observance of Memorial Day on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, will be gratified to know that there was a larger attendance this year than ever before. Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, President of the Ohio Division, writes that the exercises were most beautiful.

You will recall that a wreath was sent in the name of our organization to the funeral of Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas. Mrs. Powell, President of the Mary West Chapter, of Waco, writes that these flowers were preserved by an artist; that they have been placed under glass in an antique bronze frame, inclosing also a photograph of General Robertson, and that this case has been placed in the Texas Museum, with a copper plate bearing this inscription: "Gen. Felix H. Robertson, youngest general of the Confederacy; donated to the Confederate Museum, Austin, Tex., by the Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., Waco, Tex."

CREDENTIALS.

It is with profound regret that I have received the resignation of Mrs. Dolph Long as chairman of the Committee on Credentials.

For the past eighteen months Mrs. Long has given her time and ability to the work of this Committee, rendering the organization valuable service, and with rare tact, excellent judgment, and keen discretion has conducted the business of the office

At our urgent request Mrs. L. U. Babin has consented to accept the chairmanship made vacant by Mrs. Long's resignation. We are fortunate in obtaining Mrs. Babin's acceptance and most grateful to her for serving the organization. Mrs. Babin's address is 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

Very cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Education Committee is pleased to announce the listing of two tuition scholarships since the publication of the Education Circular in April. One is at the University of Georgia, value \$85, procured through the efforts of Mrs. Walter Grace. The other is at Erskine College, Due West, S. C., granted voluntarily by Rev. R. C. Grier, the president of that fine old institution of the A. R. P. Church in appreciation of the work in education being done by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Both scholarships are available for the session of 1928-29, and Division chairmen are requested to give publicity to these at once in order that they may be filled.

MRS. R. D. WRIGHT,

Chairman U. D. C. Education Committee.

A REQUEST FROM THE EDITOR.

Dear Division Editors: Please send your notes by the first of each month and report outstanding happenings only, as the entire U. D. C. Department is only four pages. All notes are to be typewritten, and please make them as concise as possible, in order that all may have place. It is deeply regretted that several reports have to be held over this month, but those so held will have first consideration in September.

Oklahoma recently sent in six subscriptions to the VETERAN. Let us all try to get some.

Yours for the VETERAN, MRS. L. U. BABIN, Editor.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—The annual convention of the Alabama Division was held in the hospitable little city of Opelika, on May 1-4. Never has the Division been so beautifully entertained as under the capable management of the general chairman, Mrs. J. M. Burt.

Under the leadership of our efficient President, Mrs. R. B. Broyles, the work has advanced along all lines. Her report was unusual in that she had spent much time in cheering the veterans, visiting Chapters, and in daily correspondence with Chapters.

Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Historian, very proudly displayed the Raines Banner, which our Division captured at the Charleston general convention. Her report showed that Alabama would make a splendid report again this year.

Mrs. Bashinsky, Alabama's scholarship mother, as usual, gave a most excellent report, showing that last year our funds helped to keep eighty-three boys and girls in school.

The crowning feature of the convention was the unveiling of a huge boulder placed by the Georgia Division on the Jefferson Davis Highway on the Georgia-Alabama line. After the unveiling the guests went to Lanette, where the citizens served a barbecue to over four hundred people. Much credit is due Mrs. B. B. Ross, our chairman of Jefferson Davis Highway, for her untiring efforts in making this event an unsurpassed success.

On account of the nearness to Auburn, the home of the Polytechnic Institute, the faculty and the Admiral Semmes Chapter entertained the convention at a luncheon on Wednesday. Many pleasing compliments were paid the U. D. C. for the educational work it is accomplishing. One very important feature of the business session was the appointment of a committee to divide the State into districts and to formulate plans for holding district conventions. The first was held in April, in Fayette, in the western part of the State.

A silver cup was given by Mrs. Ida King Sorsby, the originator of Alabama Day, to be awarded each year to the district making the best record on observance of Alabama Day.

The convention will be held in Mobile in 1929.

[Annie F. Daugette, State Editor.]

* * *

Arkansas.—I have little else than greetings for our dear VETERAN this time, for this reason: Our Chapters have ceased their activities for the summer. They have earned a vacation! 'Tis truly good to know how diligent the Daughters of Arkansas Division have been! The year's work is very satisfying—Committee reports all in, scholarships placed, subjects for essays distributed, pledges met, and many Chapters have a goodly sum in the treasury to begin fall activities.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, "bears the palm" for calling a meeting after our "school had closed" to "vote in" a number of new members, this giving them the summer to fill up their papers and be ready to enter into our activities

when business begins in the fall. This is forehandedness truly, and I am proud to report it.

[Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman.]

* * *

California.—Following are the new officers of California Division for 1928-29, elected at the State convention held at Pasadena, May 10-11, 1928: President, Mrs. Milton LeRoy Stannard, Los Angeles; First Vice President, Mrs. A. L. Lockwood, Fresno; Second Vice President, Mrs. Walter Brame, Oakland; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hughes Garr, Los Angeles; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gertrude Montgomery, Santa Ana; Treasurer, Miss Katherine Burkett, San Jose; Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington, Los Angeles; Registrar, Mrs. E. F. Scattergood, Los Angeles; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally Daingerfield, Madera; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. R. Kemp, San Francisco; Parliamentarian, Mrs. J. D. Hodgen, Berkeley; Director C. of C. Chapters, Mrs. V. V. Samples, Oakland.

* * *

Colorado.—The Colorado State Division convention was held at Pueblo, May 9-10, and none ever opened more auspiciously than did the 1928 convention. Delegates and visitors were present from every Chapter in the State. A board meeting was held at the home of Mrs. H. P. Vories, after which a "get-acquainted tea" bound the officers and delegates closer together in the bonds of friendship.

At the historical evening, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey displayed the Confederate flags and gave a talk about each, and a most interesting program followed.

The business sessions were full and interesting. The convention was presided over by Mrs. William Barber, and Mrs. Alonzo Fry was elected to succeed her. The sixteenth convention adjourned, thanking all the past efficient officers and pledging their support to the new.

[Mrs. L. C. Ramsey, Editor.]

* * *

Georgia.—On May 2, Georgia and Alabama united in unveiling the bowlder erected to mark the Jefferson Davis Highway. This huge granite bowlder, "as solid and as lasting as the principles for which the South fought," is erected on the spot between West Point, Ga., and Lanette, Ala., through which the great Highway passes.

The impressive ceremonies on this occasion were conducted by the Georgia and Alabama Divisions, U. D. C., and it has been estimated that nearly a thousand people from Georgia and Alabama attended the unveiling.

The bowlder came from the Pine Mountain quarries at Lithonia, Ga., and was presented to the Georgia and Alabama U. D. C. by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Mason, owners of the quarries. The bronze tablet on the bowlder was presented by the Alabama Division.

The presentation address was made by Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, of Montezuma, First Vice President General. Gov. Bibb Graves, of Alabama, accepted the bowlder on behalf of the State of Alabama.

B. C. Milner, engineer of the State Highway Department of Georgia, accepted for Georgia on behalf of Governor Hardman, who was unable to be present.

Miss Emnia Farr, of West Point, Ga., and Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., directors of the Georgia and Alabama Divisions, respectively, for marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, placed wreaths on the bowlder for their Divisions.

Greetings were extended by Mayor Phil Lanier, of West Point, and by Mayor R. W. Jennings, of Lanette. Hon. John N. Holder, Chairman of the Georgia Highway Com-

mission, and Chairman Woolsey Finnell, of the Alabama Highway Commission, also extended words of greeting.

Music was furnished by the Glee Club of the West Point High School and by the Lanette Band.

[Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis, Editor.]

* * *

Illinois.—Stonewall Chapter No. 1038, of Chicago, celebrated the birthday of Hon. Jefferson Davis with a luncheon program June 8, at Sheridan-Diversey Dinner House. Chicago Chapter and Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Veterans, were guests of Stonewall Chapter.

The speaker of the day was Rev. J. Furman Hebert, pastor of Austin Congregational Church, Chicago. His subject, "Jefferson Davis," was finely presented, displaying much study into the wonderful character of the able Southern statesman.

Mr. Hebert is a native of South Carolina and a member of Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Veterans. There was also a beautiful musical program.

[Mrs. Walter M. Smith, Editor.]

* * *

Massachusetts.—At the grave of a Confederate soldier at Mount Hope Cemetery, the U. D. C. ritual was read by Mrs. E. W. Ware, First Vice President of the Boston Chapter, who placed a wreath upon the grave.

Deer Island Cemetery was visited by Mrs. C. B. Taylor, President of the Boston Chapter, and Mrs. R. H. Chesley, representing the Cambridge Chapter. The ritual was read by Mrs. Chesley and wreaths placed by Mrs. Taylor, in behalf of the Boston Chapter, upon the grave of Edward J. Johnston, a Confederate soldier, and also upon the Mound of the Union Soldiers and Sailors.

The U. D. C. and G. A. R. held a joint service at Deer Island.

[Mrs. O. F. Wiley, Editor.]

* * *

North Carolina Division.—The outstanding event of importance to the North Carolina Division is the recent marking of two historic places in this State. The marking of the Confederate arsenal in Fayetteville by the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter U. D. C., brought together a distinguished assemblage. The presentation was made to the city of Fayetteville by Mrs. John H. Anderson, chairman of the Marker Committee, and the chief address was by Gov. A. W. McLean. Greetings were brought by various organizations over the State, and a luncheon was served the visitors by the local Chapter. Many interesting recollections of this historic place were brought out by the placing of this marker.

On June 19, a tablet was unveiled at Plymouth, N. C., commemorating the battle of Plymouth, May, 1864. Again, this was erected by local people, the Scotland Neck Chapter, joining in the ceremonies. The history of this battle was reviewed, and the story retold of how the North Carolina Ram Albemarle destroyed the Federal fleet in Albemarle Sound. Grandchildren of the builder of the Albemarle and of her commander unveiled the tablet.

The Enfield Chapter recently erected a beautiful memorial fountain in that town, to the memory of their Confederate and World War soldiers.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Charlotte, has, during its thirty years of existence, enrolled upon its membership more than five hundred women, with three hundred still on its list. The Chapter has never shown deeper interest in the objects of the U. D. C. than it does to-day. Besides being a banner Chapter in Division work, this Chapter has its special local work the entertaining at a monthly luncheon of the

members of the local Camp of Veterans, and employs a custodian to care for their veterans' meeting place. The other Charlotte Chapter is the Gen. James H. Lane Chapter, and though composed of younger women is most active in U. D. C. work.

The chairman of Education has filled all the scholarships which will be vacant for September. Besides the twenty-three scholarships offered by this Division a recently endowed scholarship of \$3,000 has been given by Mrs. S. D. Craige, of Winston-Salem, as a memorial to her Confederate father, the late P. H. Haines.

The newly organized Chapter of young women in High Point is doing fine work. This second Chapter of High Point is named in memory of Laura Wessen, who gave her life in nursing the smallpox soldier victims who were in the hospital of High Point during the war.

The Johnston Pettigrew Chapter of Raleigh was recently entertained in the Hall of History at the State capitol by the director of this interesting place, Col. F. A. Olds, who gave a most entertaining talk to the Daughters, illustrating it with objects which show North Carolina's part in the four years of the Confederacy. The large collection of flags, uniforms of all branches of the service and objects illustrating home life during the war, were all studied with interest.

Many members of the Division will participate in the annual reunion of the North Carolina veterans at Tarboro, August 7-10. The William Dorsey Pender Chapter will assist Mrs. John H. Anderson in the presentation of her pageant, "Women of North Carolina in the Sixties," which will be given for the entertainment of the veterans. As the Spirit of History, Mrs. Anderson will narrate stories of these heroines, the parts being taken by Edgecombe County women. These "heroines" will make merry in an old-time square dance to old-time tunes played by old-time fiddlers. The figures being called out by that young and gallant veteran, Samuel S. Nash, of Tarboro.

State-wide recognition through the press was given to the observance of June 3, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, and the Chapters are working now for the beautification of North Carolina's part of the great memorial to this leader of the Confederacy, the Jefferson Davis Highway.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]

* * *

Ohio.—The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati, conducted a most interesting program June 3. Mrs. Wilmer Crawford spoke on Jefferson Davis. Mountain songs, transferred by ear and tongue through long generations, though never put on paper, were sung to the accompaniment of the dulcimer by Miss Marie Wheeler, of Paducah, Ky. The singer was in mountain costume, hand woven. Her dulcimer differed in nothing of its primitive construction from the instrument played upon by the music makers of the Old Testament, a model of which is said to have been brought from Jerusalem by the first crusaders. The program was held at the home of Mrs. James Burton Doan.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter held the last meeting of the season at the home of Mrs. George White. Reports showed that the Martha Berry School scholarship of \$1,000 is complete; that the Chapter had participated in the expense of sending a veteran to the reunion in Little Rock, Ark.; had contributed its per capita tax to the erection of the Robert E. Lee memorials on the Dixie Highway through Ohio; and that the treasury is on a secure footing.

This was Alabama Day, and a delightful Alabama program was given.

[Mrs. L. G. Rice, Editor.]

Oklahoma.—The twentieth annual convention of the Oklahoma Division met in Ardmore, June 12-15, 1928, with the President, Mrs. Hettie Work presiding. Reports showed a successful year. Two girls were helped in school; all Chapters had responded to the Chapters' Home Fund. The Division will pay for one hundred copies of "Women of the South in War Times." A Cross of Military Service was bestowed on Freeman Galt. Memorial Hour was conducted by "Mother Hester," Division Chaplain, who is ninety years old. Directors on committees for the general organization asked all Chapters to respond before the general convention in November.

As is the custom in Oklahoma, the Confederate Veterans and the Sons held their convention at this time, and among the social features were a ball, a reception at the Confederate Home, and a garden party by the American Legion Auxiliary.

Mrs. George Dismukes, of Chickasha, was elected President of the Division.

[Mrs. G. L. Bradfield, Editor.]

* * *

Texas.—The Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, observed its fortieth anniversary June 16, 1928. The Mary West Chapter, U. D. C., prepared an interesting program for this milestone in the history of the Camp. The chief honoree, around whom the program revolved, was the Commander of the Camp, Mr. C. L. Johnson, a charter member and Commander for nearly forty years.

Mrs. J. B. Powell, President of the Chapter, exhibited a picture of Gen. Pat Cleburne, and gave a sketch of his life and war history, of how he fell in one of the hottest engagements at Franklin, Tenn. A splendid program was rendered.

Daughters of the Confederacy, can we do enough for these old veterans that are passing out of our sight so rapidly? The time will soon come when not one will be left to tell the tale. We must keep the fires burning on the altar, keep fresh the memories of the South, the sacrifices of our mothers and the heroism of our fathers.

[Mrs. J. B. Powell, Editor.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN H. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topics for August.

Educational Institutions in the South, 1860, 1890, 1920.

C. of C. Program for August.

Make a study of the port of Mobile, Ala.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeane D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

SUGGESTIONS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: A few thoughts for your earnest consideration are brought you in the hope that they may find responsive echo in your hearts and let you drink yet more deeply of the blessedness of giving to others and sharing with the less fortunate some of the many blessings which have come to your own homes. If you should be so situated as to be unable to go out in person, remember that "the pen is mightier than the sword" and send a few lines to some other shut-in—for there is joy in remembrance.

OUR CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The fast-diminishing ranks of the active workers who kept the home fires burning while the heroes of the Confederacy were battling at the front reminds us of an opportunity for service which will gladden many who are shut in and many others who, because of advanced age, are too feeble to take the necessary exercise involved in an attempt to plan an outing for themselves. Many of them—in fact, most of them—are in an impoverished condition and are denied the enjoyment of the modern comfort and pleasure of an automobile ride. In giving happiness to others, we ourselves gain happiness, and the suggestion that our C. S. M. A. members seek out these dear old mothers and give them the joy of sharing in your pleasure will bring a rich reward. A day spent in the quiet of the woodland beside some rippling stream, with the simplest of refreshments suited to their needs, would give them a pleasure to be remembered. Take your young people along and let them learn from the lips of these makers of our history some of the many wonderfully inspiring incidents in their lives. Put these dear women on your calendar of thought for these delightful summer days, and send them flowers from your garden as often as possible, invite them to your home for a glass of iced tea or lemonade, and, above all, let them feel the pulse of human kindness which always finds a responsive throb, and you will have somewhere a reaping that will bring a glorious harvest.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Being anything but a pessimist, and standing upon the beautiful traditions and high ideals of the Old South, present conditions arouse only the gravest fears for the future welfare of our beloved Dixie. Are we "selling our birthright for a mess of pottage" and drifting with the tide on the shoals of

modernistic ideals? A heritage that embraced lofty traditions, a cultural life unsurpassed in beauty and dignity seems to be disintegrating, and is being replaced in large measure by the fast living of a fast age which contact with the lower element of foreign life in the late military struggle seems to have absorbed, not the elevating and uplifting influences, but much that was proved pernicious. Standing as our memorial work does for the perpetuation of the influences which brought to our people the admiration and indorsement of the Western World, it behooves us to concentrate all our powers in the effort to turn the tide that would give place to the demoralizing, jazzy music and dance; to encourage in every possible way modesty in dress and deportment; to discourage cigarette smoking among our women and girls and the banishment of the hip-pocket flask and indulgence in drink habits and narcotics that have been brought to our very doors from the underworld of the home and foreign centers of the world, and are leaving their blighting effects already upon the large commercial centers of our people.

Earnestly praying that these conditions may have your interest and prayerful consideration, and with every good wish for all that concerns each fireside and home circle touched by our devoted and loyal workers, I am

Cordially and faithfully yours,

MARGARET A. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Our Southern Memorial Day was observed with fitting exercises in many communities of every State of the South, and some of the reports coming in will be interesting to readers of this department. Mrs. D. D. Geiger, President C. S. M. Association of Huntington, W. Va., writes as follows:

"The Confederate Memorial Association of Huntington, W. Va., observed Memorial Day with beautiful and impressive services. Although the day was cold and gray and the lowering clouds finally developed into a penetrating drizzle, it did not dampen the interest of almost two hundred men and women who found their way to lovely Spring Hill Cemetery on the evening of June 3, to commemorate that fierce struggle of the sixties. The services were conducted in front of the Confederate monument, the graves having

been beautifully decorated with flowers and flags. A quartet of the leading artists of the city gave several beautiful numbers.

"Rev. W. P. Hooper, pastor of the Highlawn Presbyterian Church, gave the principal address of the day."

The following comes from Miss Sue Walker, of Fayetteville, Ark., President of the Southern Memorial Association of that place:

"The usual features of Memorial Day were carried out with the efficient officers of the day in charge. Appropriate music, solemn invocation, beautiful flowers, the aged veterans, and all the touching associations of these annual reunions awakened anew our love and loyalty and inspired us to 'carry on' so long as life shall last. In the procession to the Confederate cemetery the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Southern Memorial Association, U. D. C., American Legion, Spanish War Veterans, D. A. R., were represented in decorated cars. The speaker specially stressed loyalty to the Constitution by the South.

"The dignity of the ceremony on the hillside was added to by the decorations which had been placed on each grave and on the monument in the center of the whole plot. Tiny Confederate flags and clusters of rambling roses were on each grave, and the central monument also was draped with strips of bunting bearing the Confederate insignia. The flowers were placed on the graves as the opening part of the ceremony at the cemetery, while the crowd stood in respectful silence. The special choir sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and the band played during this part of the service.

"Judge George Stockard gave an inspiring address, which pictured the 'Glories of the New South' and the great privilege which is ours in being citizens of this great section and country."

The countless friends of Miss Rutherford are rejoicing with her in a happy birthday on July 16, the occasion bringing loving messages from every part of our Southland, and flowers in evidence everywhere just testifying to the great love and enduring honor felt for one of the South's greatest women.

A card from our dear Chaplain General, Rev. Giles B. Cooke, is pleasing evidence of his mental alertness and gratifying physical condition. Our prayers follow these two beloved fellow workmen, whose strong Christian example is uplifting and a righteous example to be emulated.

THE C. S. M. A. OF COLORADO.

BY MRS. W. O. TEMPLE, EX-PRESIDENT, DENVER, COLO.

At the invitation of Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd, a native of Savannah, Ga., a number of Southern women met at her home in Denver, on April 7, 1920, to organize a Chapter of the C. S. M. A. Thirty-three charter members were enrolled and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. W. O. Temple; First Vice President, Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd; Second Vice President, Mrs. John H. Campbell; Recording Secretary, Mrs. T. R. Benefiel; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. McElvain; Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Smith; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. R. Marshall.

Knowing that the C. S. M. A. originated the work of looking after the graves of our Confederates, we immediately began to locate the graves of our Confederate dead in the four cemeteries of Denver. We found there were thirty-nine (since increased to about fifty-five), and on May 30 our committees decorated their graves with Confederate and Ameri-

can flags and evergreen wreaths. This has been our custom ever since. On April 26, our Southern Memorial Day, we have a memorial meeting, with a Southern program, but we consider it best to decorate the graves on the National Memorial Day.

Although we organized with thirty-three members, we have only about a dozen who are active at present. Some have died, some moved away, and, as in most organizations, some take very little interest in our work, which is almost all "up hill." Considering our few workers, we have accomplished some things worth while.

As quite a number of the graves were not marked at all and were very difficult to locate, we began to use the small iron markers, but finding them hard to keep in place, we now use a small granite marker, properly inscribed and costing approximately \$25 each. So far, through the efforts of our organization, we have been instrumental in placing thirteen markers.

We send flowers to the sick and to the funerals of our veterans. We contribute monthly to the support of one of our veterans, who is eighty-seven years old, and we are ever ready to do all possible along this line. We paid the traveling expenses of one of our veterans to the U. C. V. reunion in Tennessee, in 1921, his native State. The pleasure he experienced more than repaid us for our efforts.

When the request was sent out for books to send to a library in Paris, France, seven volumes were contributed by different members of the Chapter.

As our yearly dues are only one dollar, we have to raise funds in many ways—by card parties, by raffling of various articles, such as bed spreads, luncheon sets, cakes, and even a Rhode Island Red pullet.

We have a constitution and by-laws, and meet at the homes of the members. Since our organization, we have had four Presidents—namely, Mrs. W. O. Temple, Mrs. S. T. Boyd, Mrs. Lillie B. Copeland, Mrs. John Traylor. Mrs. Copeland served us for four years, and we wished to make her President for Life, but she would not consent, so at our last annual meeting she and Mrs. Boyd were elected Honorary Presidents. Our officers at present are: President, Mrs. John Traylor; First Vice President, Mrs. Frances Karnes; Secretary, Mrs. T. R. Benefiel; Treasurer, Mrs. L. C. Smith; Historian, Mrs. L. C. Ramsey; Poet Laureate, Mrs. W. O. Temple.

We are anxious to get the records of the following Confederate veterans in order to mark their graves: Joseph R. Tullis, Thomas J. White, Martin V. Jackson, and Robert Witt. Any information relative to them would be highly appreciated.

We were grieved to lose by death this year one of our honorary members, Mrs. Eloise Lee Colburn, a native of Tennessee, born in 1844, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson Dobyns, colonel 2nd Regiment, 3rd Louisiana Battalion, Polish Brigade. She married Edward L. Colburn, who served with Company B, 23rd South Carolina Regiment. Mrs. Colburn was a typical Southern lady, and is greatly missed by our Southern organization.

We were delighted to be represented by one of our members, Mrs. John H. Campbell, as our delegate to the convention in Little Rock, Ark., in May of this year, and regretted that our other delegate could not attend. This was Mrs. Robert Lee Cochran, formerly of Kentucky. Mrs. Campbell gave a most interesting account of the convention at our last meeting and made us realize how much we missed in not being present.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.



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 JOHN L. CARTER, Little Rock. Arkansas
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 JOHN HALLBERG, Chattanooga. Tennessee
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 CHARLES T. NORMAN, Richmond. Virginia

INTERESTS OF THE S. C. V.

IN MEMORY OF MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF.

It is with a deep feeling of sorrow that the Commander in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, announces the death of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Historian in Chief, which occurred June 26, 1928, at his home at Ballston, Va. He died in the discharge of his duty, and, like the grand and noble soldier that he was, at his post. He it was who saved to the people of the South the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park.

Major Ewing, due to illness, was not with us at the thirty-third annual convention, held at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928, but the convention unanimously adopted a resolution of sympathy, which was signed by each delegate present.

To his family is extended the sympathy of our organization, and say that your sorrow is our sorrow, your bereavement our bereavement, we mourn with you.

Let his memory be cherished by you, and let each and every Camp in a fitting way hold such service in his honor as may be fit and proper.

Due to the great distance from Little Rock to Washington, D. C., the Commander in Chief regrets that he is prevented from attending the funeral of our beloved comrade; however, Col. W. McDonald Lee, of Richmond, Va., Past Commander in Chief, Comrade Elton O. Pillow, Commander of the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, and Comrades John A. Chumbley and F. R. Fravel, Past Commanders of the District of Columbia and Maryland Division, are hereby designated as his official representatives to attend the funeral, and they will take such action and so represent the Sons of Confederate Veterans as will indicate the deep grief felt by the members of the confederation.

A copy of this order is being sent to the family of the late Maj. E. W. R. Ewing.

CONVENTION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

The opening ceremonies of the thirty-third annual convention of the Virginia Division, S. C. V. were held in the large and handsome City Auditorium at Portsmouth, Va., on June 19-21. This meeting was a joint assembly of vet-

erans, Daughters, and Sons, held under the auspices of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., to which the public was invited. Patriotic airs by the band stirred the enthusiasm of all. The hall was packed, and every seat on the large stage was occupied. It was estimated that there were several thousand people present who enjoyed the program.

The convention was called to order by Hon. John T. Kevill, Commander Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 380, S. C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., and, in the absence of the Division Chaplain, Rev. H. M. B. Jones, Comrade David L. Pulliam, Commander Stonewall Jackson Camp No. 981, S. C. V., Richmond, Va., opened the meeting with prayer, after which Commander Kevill turned the meeting over to Commander Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, who presided throughout the session.

In the absence of Comrade C. I. Carrington, due to illness, Commander Norman appointed Walter L. Hopkins as Acting Adjutant, who called the roll of the Division, Brigade, and Camp officers, immediately after which Commander Norman appointed the convention committees.

Upon reading a telegram from Commander in Chief Wiles, by unanimous action of the convention, Comrade R. Johnson Neeley was appointed a committee of one to send Commander in Chief Wiles a telegram on behalf of the convention, expressing the regrets of the Virginia Division at his inability to be present and assuring him of the hearty coöperation of the Virginia Division during his administration.

Col. Charles T. Norman, Division Commander, made a most excellent report, outlining the work of the Division during his administration. His report showed that, among other things, the membership during the past year had increased something over twenty per cent.

Walter L. Hopkins, Acting Adjutant, read the report on future activities, which was prepared and read by Hon. John Hallberg, of Chattanooga, Tenn., before the thirty-third annual convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928. Mr. Hallberg is Commander of the Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and a member of the Tennessee State Senate. This report contains great food for thought, and was received with great enthusiasm by the

convention. Commander Hallberg was highly complimented for presenting such a splendid report.

Having reached the order of business on the election of Division and Brigade Commanders, Col. Charles T. Norman was unanimously reflected Division Commander.

The following Brigade Commanders were unanimously elected: Commander First Brigade, John T. Kevill, Portsmouth, Va.; Commander Second Brigade, David L. Pulliam, Richmond, Va.; Commander Third Brigade, Robert H. Angell, Roanoke, Va.; Commander Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington, Va.; Commander Fifth Brigade, Col. Charles S. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.

Stirring addresses were made to the convention by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, the only surviving member of General Lee's Staff, Gen. R. M. Colvin, of Harrisonburg, Va., and a number of the members of the Sons.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

Whereas there is a proposition to give to an institution, or university in another State the name of Lincoln-Lee; and whereas we are gratified by any proper and suitable means of indicating that our country is reunited; but as we think that General Lee and President Lincoln were cast in such different molds, as well as occupying different positions in their respective sections, we believe that their names should not be linked together for this or any other purpose; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That the Virginia Division of Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled in Portsmouth, Va., on June 21, 1928, oppose the proposed name being given such institution.

2. That we approve the decision of the committee not to give the proposed Memorial Bridge across the Potomac River at Washington, D. C., the name of the Lincoln-Lee Bridge.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT STAFF.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1. BY COMMANDER J. EDWARD JONES. To be read before every Camp of the Army of Trans-Mississippi Department.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., at the thirty-third annual convention held in Little Rock, Ark., May, 1928, I hereby assume command of the Divisions and Camps comprising this Department and establish headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla.

2. The Division Commanders of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department are requested to select their staff officers and report same to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Richmond, Va. Division Commanders are particularly requested to send J. Roy Price, 419 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La., Editor of the Sons Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a list of their appointments and all other news concerning their division for publication in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

3. I hereby appoint the following-named comrades as members of my staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly: J. R. Eldridge, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City; John L. Carter, Quartermaster, Little Rock; E. Riddle, Inspector, Oklahoma City; Edward C. Fisher, Commissary, St. Louis, Mo.; Ed S. McCarver, Judge Advocate, Orange, Tex.; Dr. E. F. Hayden, Surgeon, Tulsa, Okla.; A. W. Tabor, Historian, Austin, Tex.; Forney Hutchinson, Chaplain, Oklahoma City.

4. The Commander of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department desires to take this opportunity to thank the

comrades throughout the Confederation for their confidence in him as expressed by his unanimous election. I will give the best service of which I am capable of performing to the office of Department Commander. I shall expect the full and complete coöperation of all the comrades of the Divisions comprising my Department.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

The Oklahoma Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, met in annual convention, at Ardmore, Okla., May 13 and 14, 1928, and the following officers were elected: Dr. George R. Tabor, Division Commander, Oklahoma City; W. S. Livingston, Division Lieutenant Commander, Seminole; John H. Robertson, Division Adjutant, Oklahoma City; L. A. Morton, Division Quartermaster, Duncan; Joe H. Ford, Division Inspector, Wagoner; C. L. Hill, Division Judge Advocate, Wewoka; Dr. E. F. Hayden, Division Surgeon, Tulsa; A. C. Farley, Division Historian, Oklahoma City; S. J. Brown, Division Color Sergeant, Duncan; Rev. J. N. Abernathy, Division Chaplain, Chickasha.

Brigade Commanders.

Joe H. Ford, Wagoner; A. N. Leecraft, Durant; L. A. Morton, Duncan; E. Riddle, Oklahoma City.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief, of Little Rock, Ark., and J. Edward Jones, Department Commander, of Oklahoma City, were in attendance.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF HONORED.

Edmond R. Wiles, Commander in Chief, was one of the speakers on the program celebrating the occasion of the home coming of Senator Joe T. Robinson, held at Little Rock on July 4. Commander Wiles extended to the guest of honor the felicitations of the organization, but stated that the Sons of Confederate Veterans were a nonpolitical body and not committed to the support of any political party or policies.

"FOREVER"—OR THIRTY YEARS?

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, DE LAND, FLA.

In the peroration to one of his several speeches in his famous debate with Robert Y. Hayne, Daniel Webster declared for a "union" to last "forever"; albeit himself, during the War of 1812, had virtually threatened, from the floor of Congress, secession by disaffected New England. In this debate he has been said to have "shotted every gun" fired for the North in the war of 1861.

That Union, *the* Union of choice between States, Southern and Northern, under the Constitution of 1789, instead of enduring "forever," lasted a paltry thirty years or so after Webster's oration. It ended in 1860-61; and in 1865 was succeeded by a new, diverse Union, a blood-red Union of force. Washington and Jefferson had deprecated sectional and partizan aggression as inimical to what Washington styled the "experiment" of 1789. Just such aggression it was that destroyed the old Union in 1860-61 and, five years later, erected a substitute, imperial Union.

And yet, Southerners, one here, one there, are now prone to echo Webster and shout for an American Union "forever." Empires flourish, then crumble; nations rise and fall; political verities endure. *Forever* is too big a word to apply to any human government; living Confederate principles, they are our "heritage for all time." Even Virginia and the other States that existed as political entities before the rise of "the United States," and may outlast them, are liable not to last as long as time itself.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In submitting this August report, it is difficult to concentrate on anything. The days are warm and the vacation spirit is in the air.

Our object is to wind up the work of this committee this year. It can be accomplished only by the delinquent Divisions laying aside a portion of their other needs and meeting this long-standing responsibility. Why is it that many of the Divisions have put their shoulders to the wheel and paid their portion of the ten thousand pledged copies, while others have allowed us to beg, to plead, and to appeal in every way for their part of the distribution assigned by the general organization

A recognition of its value and its distribution is far more important for the cause than the actual completion of our task, but our pledge must not be ignored.

The President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 113, Minnesota Division, Mrs. H. L. Williams, has written of their special interest and coöperation, placing copies in the Historical Society, the public and school libraries, and Fort Snelling. Also, we are grateful to the Washington Division, Mrs. Robert W. Jones, Director, for greater distribution this year. Washington is an "Over-the-Top" Division.

Faithfully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.
Fairmont, W. Va.

A VALUABLE NEW BOOK.

"Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia," by Vivian Minor Fleming. Price, \$2. Published by the author, Fredericksburg, Va.

The book by Vivian Minor Fleming on "Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia" is being highly commended as a valuable contribution to Confederate history. The following letters have been selected from the many received by the author as especially expressive in their commendation.

Dr. Douglas Freeman, editor *News Leader*, Richmond, Va., writes:

"I have been very much interested in V. M. Fleming's 'Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.' As a resident of Fredericksburg, and a long-time student of these great operations, Mr. Fleming has included in his little volume much material that I have not found elsewhere and do not believe is printed in any other volume."

The following comes from one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, written from Richmond, Va.:

"Mr. Vivian Minor Fleming of Fredericksburg, Va., has written most attractively, and in short compass, of the 'Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.' No book known to me has so succinctly stated many of the great achievements of that immortal army, nor has covered so many facts within so short a space. The book is pleasant to read, but leaves the reader with the desire that more had been said. The arrangement of the material is so good and the style so simple that the reader's interest does not flag from the first page to the last.

"Mr. Fleming was a participant in many of the scenes he described, has been a lifelong student of the official records of the armies, has walked and ridden over many of these fields, and is now a member by official appointment of the Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania Battle Field Park Commission, a commission created by the United States government.

"Heartily I commend this little book to those who wish to learn of the war our fathers fought, or to refresh their memories of events which made those fathers immortal.

COLLINS DENNY."

TEACHING HISTORY IN OKLAHOMA.

The following comes from Chaplain General William D. Matthews, who is also Custodian of Confederate Memorial Hall at Oklahoma City, Okla.: in renewing his subscription for two years in advance: "I would hardly know how to run my home and the custodianship of the Confederate Memorial Hall without it. This is one among the best-equipped Confederate Halls in the South, to which the State legislature of Oklahoma makes annual appropriation for equipment and upkeep, including the salary of custodian, which position I have held since November 15, 1924. Since January 1, 1925, there have been registered 13,206 visitors, from Dublin, Ireland; France, Spain, Canada, South America, Portugal, and from nearly every State of the Union. Our public school teachers of Oklahoma—and there are in the neighborhood of ten thousand in the State—hold their annual convention during the month of February each year, and on February 10 last, I registered two hundred and forty-eight in one day; and greater interest in the true facts of what transpired from 1861 to 1865 I have never seen. Our public school teachers bring their pupils who are studying history to visit our State capitol, and I have had them to come in a body from twenty-five to sixty miles distant. Recently I had eighteen full-blooded Indian girls, accompanied by two teachers, to come from an Indian school located forty-five miles northwest of the capital, to spend nearly half a day with me. Pointing to a large framed picture, I asked one of them, 'Who is this?' Her reply was, 'Thomas Jefferson.' I asked what did he do?" "He helped write the Declaration of the thirteen colony independence; and that is not all," she said; "last year was the one hundred and fiftieth since he wrote it." We are not neglecting the full-blood Indian. No man of the South was truer to the Confederate cause than Stand Watie and his three regiments of Cherokee Indians."

HISTORICAL PRIZE.

The Georgia Historical Society offers for the year 1928 a prize of one hundred dollars to the person submitting the best article on some subject in the history of Georgia. The work must be based on original research and properly documented, and the treatise should not be over 5,000 words.

Only one manuscript may be entered by an individual, and must not have been previously published. All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

The article is not to be signed; but the real name of the author must accompany the manuscript and must be inclosed in a separate envelope on which must be written the name of the historical article.

The competition is open to anyone without restriction.

The Society reserves the right to publish in its magazine any article submitted.

Each manuscript must be sent to Charles F. Groves, Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, Ga., not later than December 1, 1928.

The award will be announced in the March, 1929, number of the *Georgia Historical Quarterly*.

FAMILY COATS OF ARMS.

My last write up in the VETERAN was a very profitable investment. I am prompted to ask VETERAN readers who desire family arms in oil colors on sheet 14x16 inches to correspond with me. I make no charge for looking up arms. If interested, please *print* name so there will be no mistakes.

E. BOYD MARTIN, 441 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

NOT SO RICH.—Americans are 96 cents poorer per capita this year than they were last year, but they are \$5.60 richer than they were in 1914.

Treasury records made public show that the per capita wealth of the United States, based on an estimated population of 118,364,000 on June 30, the end of the 1928 fiscal year, was \$40.52, compared with \$41.48 for 1927 and \$34.92 for 1914.

All United States money in issue at the end of the fiscal year was given as \$8,117,768,786, compared with \$8,667,286,075 for 1927 and \$3,795,456,764 for 1914.

Of this amount, \$4,796,408,667 was in circulation at the end of the 1928 fiscal year, with the remainder held in the Treasury and by Federal Reserve Banks, compared with \$4,851,325,356 in 1927 and \$3,458,059,755 in 1914.—*National Tribune.*

J. B. Jackson, of Gray, Ga., writes: "My father, William Jackson, is dead, but I want the **VETERAN** to still come in his name. He was a Confederate soldier, and the cause is sacred to me. I am disappointed in any Southerner's not being true to the South and the cause for which our fathers fought, suffered, and died. Best wishes for success of the splendid work of the **VETERAN.**"

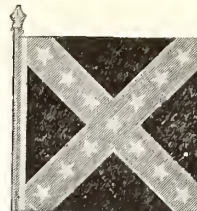
SOUTH LEADS.—That the South now leads all other parts of the United States in cotton manufacturing capacity is brought out in the 1928 edition of the Southern Railway Textile Directory.

On January 1, 1928, there were in Southern mills a total of 18,399,832 spindles, this being 305,168 more spindles than in the cotton mills of all the other States. Since 1880, when the South had only 5.27 per cent of all the cotton spindles in the United States, there has been a steady, almost uniform, increase from year to year, until now 50.42 per cent of the total are in Southern mills. Of the total spindles in the South, 13,562,332, or 73.71 per cent, are at points served directly by the Southern Railway.—*The Lookout.*

WANTED.—Copy of any newspaper published between the dates of January 21 and February 8, 1862, concerning the battle of Fishing Creek (Mill Spring) and the death of Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer. Address, Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva, Terrebonne Parish, La.

Renewing his subscription, J. S. Allison writes from Benton, La., "I am inclosing \$1.50 for the **VETERAN**. If I was able would like to make it \$100. I am an old veteran and have been taking the **VETERAN** ever since it started, and hope to take it as long as I live."

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By J. A. CASKIE

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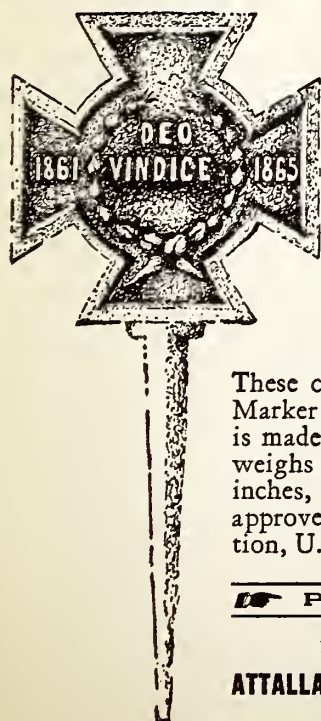
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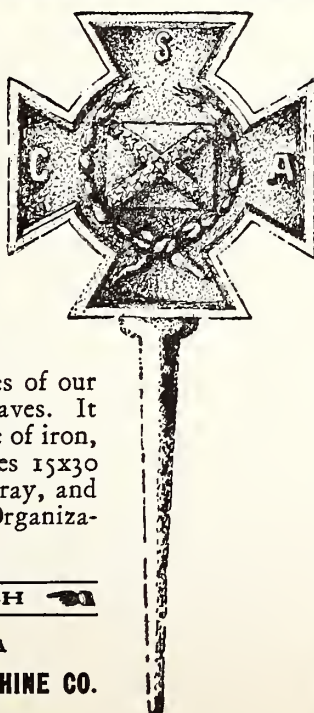
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In a night club an old duffer was seen peeling off several golden notes from a hefty wad and passing them to one of those cute little tricks with a curl and a lisp. "And a little child shall bleed them," sighed the hostess.

A Broadwayite writes he has found the dumbest girl. She was fired from a five- and ten-cent store because she could not remember the prices.

HER REQUEST.—He: "I've seen the specialist, and he tells me I must give up smoking cigarettes at once!"

She: "Can't you go on a little longer We only want twenty-two more coupons to get a porridge pan!"

Agnes: "Sally told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Marie: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."

Agnes: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

Book Sale for August

A special offer is made for the month of August in offering the following list of books on Confederate history—and the offer is to each purchaser, who can add one dollar to the price of book wanted and get a year's credit on subscription or can send a new subscription to be credited one year.

This list of books is an accumulation of a year or more, and in but few instances is more than one copy available, so send order promptly.

Here is the list:

The War between the Union and the Confederacy. By Col. William C. Oates.	\$5.00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.	5.00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson.	7.00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John J. Craven.	4.00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfried.	3.50
Narrative of Military Operations. By Joseph E. Johnston.	5.00
Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. Compiled and edited by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee.	5.00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes.	7.50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.	5.00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.	4.00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards.	5.00
Lindsley's Military Annals of Tennessee.	4.50
With Sabre and Scalpel. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.	5.00
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.	5.00
Reminiscences of Peace and War. By Mrs. Roger Pryor.	3.00
France and the Confederate Navy. By John Bigelow.	3.50
Short History of the Confederate States. By Jefferson Davis.	5.00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis.	8.00
Morgan's Cavalry. By Gen. Basil Duke.	6.00

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